

Innis Herald
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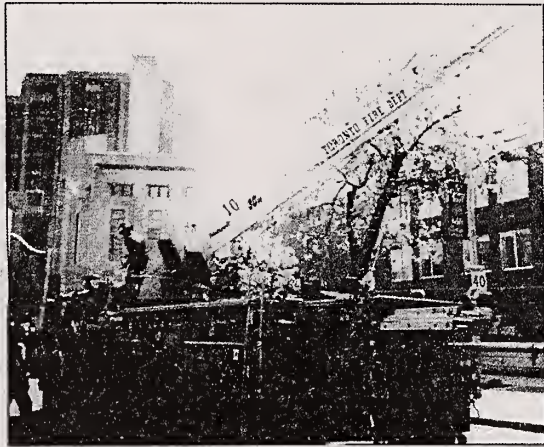


October 1997

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- BREWCULTURE, STAR WARS, CREATIONS, MUSIC & ENTERTAINMENT

INNIS COLLEGE ON FIRE



THE "HOTTEST" COLLEGE ON CAMPUS

During the week preceeding Frosh Week, the roof of the College caught on fire. Might this be an omen for the new school year?

THE INNIS HERALD

The October Issue 1997

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Creations Editor: W.N. O'Higgins
Entertainment Editor: Kate Davis
Innis News Editor: Vicky Loh
Music Editor: Milena Placentile
Star Wars Editor: Oola & Bib Fortuna

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About the Innis Herald...

The Innis Herald is the monthly, student-run newspaper of Innis College. The paper is published at the beginning of each month by Centra Web Reproductions. *The Innis Herald has an open-letter policy. We love to receive letters both praising and criticizing the issue. Please don't make us fill this page by ourselves again. We reserve the right to edit any submissions containing sexist, racist, ageist, homophobic, libellous or just plain dumb content, in consultation with the author. All writing and artwork must be accompanied by the author's real name and telephone number. Upon request, however, articles may be published under a pseudonym. The views and opinions expressed in the Innis Herald are attributable only to their authors and do not reflect the opinions of the Innis Herald, its staff, or Innis College.*

Please deliver or mail submissions and letters to the Editor to room 305 (west wing) at Innis College, or leave them in the Innis Herald Mailbox in room 127 at Innis College. We are located at 2 Sussex Avenue, Toronto ON, M5S 1J5. Our office phone number is 978-4748, or you can fax us at 978-5503.

The Editorial

Antonia Yee

Here we go, my first editorial of the year and I feel obliged to waste it on a response to the Varsity Student Handbook which was placed alongside a copy of the campus-wide issue of the Innis Herald in the SAC frosh kit. Had I not procrastinated until the midnight hour to write this editorial, it would have been a lot more scandalous, scathing and controversial. Unfortunately, my initial angry response to this publication has cooled and I'm afraid that this editorial cannot be as bitter as I'd once intended. Oh sure, I nodded my head in vigorous agreement with the Window editor who kindly called my office urging myself and other campus media representatives to write damning editorials, and, this not being enough, to flood the Varsity with angry letters demanding justification for such slander and cynical garbage. I even shook my fist, swearing solidarity with those student leaders who called for a united campus media front to oust the offensive pink Varsity racks from colleges, and to ban the paper in certain locations. But now that I'm back in school with a full course-load, I'm just too tired and I'm beginning to look at the publication with as objective a view as a subjective reading can muster. What has been the cause of all this campus media uproar? Not surprisingly, most newspaper folk objected to the "Campus Media Top Ten List" by former Garg editors Beth Lord and Mark Pupo, as well as the lesser read Campus Media listings towards the back of the handbook. The self-proclaimed purpose of the Varsity Student Handbook is to be an introductory guide to UoT and Toronto for new students, written from a student perspective. My problem with this publication (and I am not the only person who feels this way) is that the introduction new students get to campus media is so negative that it potentially discourages new writers and readers ... and it often does so unfairly. Besides, quality and content of a newspaper changes with its staff and budget. These changes are especially frequent in campus media—editors hardly last the school year.

Several people wearing knowing smirks have already run up to me and eagerly asked my opinion of the Herald's review. For all of you who have not had the courage to ask me personally, I think it's hilarious, and quite frankly, not all that off the mark. Although I can't say the review accurately describes the publication this year, the Innis Herald certainly did have some layout problems last year, and did suffer from the last-minute syndrome. The Herald review is not the crux of my irritation with this publication, in fact I'm thrilled that the Herald relieved the number six spot in the review. (Although my enthusiasm is somewhat dampened by the fact that a paper which the reviewers admit to never having seen, Trinity's Salterae, finished in the seventh spot.) Certainly other newspapers have a far greater right to complain of their treatment. The review of the Mike does not centre on the merits of the paper, instead it gives a good drubbing to the Catholic religion; the Newspaper, the only other non-college-affiliated paper gets a shameful beating simply because it is the Varsity's competition and holds a different political view than the Varsity. Interestingly, the Newspaper is criticized for "pretending to be 'objective'", I suppose in contrast to the Varsity—which brings me to my main concern.

The Varsity presents itself as an objective newspaper during the school year. Students who want "the facts" about campus politics read the Varsity—and they foolishly believe everything which this publication prints. By publishing the "Media Top Ten List" in the Varsity Student Handbook, the Varsity undermines their position as an objective newspaper. My only hope is that other students will realize this. Naturally, it is impossible for any media to be objective, but by accusing the Newspaper of failing to be objective, the Varsity implies that it is. This clearly manipulative rhetorical technique is emblematic of the Varsity's editorial policy. Let's look at another example of the Varsity's manipulative journalistic style. The Campus Media Top Ten list is both prefaced and followed by disclaimers, stating that the opinions expressed within are biased because they have been written by recent ex-Gargyle editors and "do not necessarily reflect those of the Varsity Staff". Then why print them? Why would the Varsity not want to make its own campus media list reflecting its own opinions and tastes in its own publication? Smells very much to me like the self-proclaimed "controversial and progressive" Varsity is too chickenshit to take credit for the propaganda they spread.

And so, in order to exact a petty and immature revenge, I have re-written the review of the Varsity found in its Student Handbook in the same style in which it was printed, according to my own biased opinion.

3. The Varsity

The Varsity is UoT's most comprehensive reportage of news and politically charged campus-wide student issues. A breeding ground for serious ugly hair and teeth-pulling journalism. The news section is leftist, and pretends to focus on student perspective, but represents only a narrow segment of student perspective. Think of the Varsity as the Globe and Mail of the U of T community, only take away some of the quality, and add even greater journalistic pretensions and the gratuitous use of "big" words.

EDITORIAL POLICY: Sets the standard from which other campus papers thankfully deviate. The Varsity is controversial only in the sense that Varsity reporters have a bad habit of: a) interviewing people without stating that they are doing so, thereby surprising and sometimes angering the interviewee when he/she sees the article b) consistently taking words and phrases out of context and publishing them as such, consequently falsely attributing ideas and thoughts to the hapless victims who get in their way, c) (related to b)) conveniently hearing and recording only those comments which coincide with their pre-formed judgements. à la leftist political philosophy when conducting interviews, d) basking only in negative coverage and either failing to follow up on issues and incidents when they have been made right, or doing so so far after the fact that no one can recall what the hell they are talking about, and no one cares any longer. This results in their often infuriating university administration and countless others.

LOOKS: Generally a bland, yet clean layout. Looks like the seriously boring newspaper it is.

DO THEY WANT YOU: Absolutely! If your only creative outlet is manipulating both text and fact to fit the Varsity's ideological profile. Look out for mass recruitment sessions early in the school term. Expect a mass of clone-like zombies to descend upon you chanting "We hate Mike Harris. We hate everything, but we're not programmed to offer alternative solutions to anything we complain about." Although I've never met her, I don't doubt that Editor Meg Murphy is friendly as can be, and is easily reached at the Varsity mansion at 44 St. George St. or at 979-2831. How else can she recruit the next batch of clones?

"New" College far from Progressive

Antonia Yee

Once again, this Editor has to question whether New College is an appropriate home for the Women's Studies program. Last year New College Orientation Co-ordinators hired a stand-up comedian to perform during Frosh Week, who bombarded new students with vulgar jokes primarily about sex and often at the expense of women. His act included a bit on whores, and climaxed (no pun intended) with his imitation of the sound his wife makes when he ejaculates on her stomach. Although the people who hired this man claimed that his act did not include such material when he was hired, the fact remains that several upper year students watched the performance without stopping him. Needless to say, many new students were offended, insulted and just plain angry. While this type of comedy is inappropriate for any college's or faculty's orientation week, it is especially appalling that this anti-feminist activity was not pre-empted or at least cut short by the college which is home to the Women's Studies Program. Unfortunately, the sexist sentiment which was allowed to be voiced here, is not an isolated incident at New College.

It has recently come to the Editor's attention that the New College Residence discriminates against women. New College has two Residences; the male residence is in Wetmore Hall, the female residence is in Wilson Hall. In an ugly ironic twist, New College students report that double occupancy rooms at Wilson Hall are on average forty percent smaller than those in Wetmore Hall. The square footage of rooms in Wilson Hall is even further reduced by large and awkwardly placed built-in closets, while students in Wetmore Hall have movable wardrobes. Students living in Wilson Hall must sleep on bunkbeds. Students living in Wetmore Hall sleep on single beds. Residence fees at Wilson and Wetmore Hall are identical. Why is it that New College thinks women need less physical space than men?

In contrast to the broad, spacious desks at Wetmore Hall, the desks in Wilson Hall are barely large enough to accommodate a personal computer. There is no room for writing or laying down papers of any kind. There is also little space in the room to store textbooks. The study atmosphere is further reduced by the fact that the two chairs at the desk are directly side-by-side. Students studying simultaneously run the risk of bumping each other's elbows. Simply stated: the rooms at Wilson Hall are not conducive to an academic atmosphere—there is no doubt that students living in these quarters are academically disadvantaged. Why is it that women are relegated to these rooms? Does New College think that women don't need to study? Is New College perpetuating the long discarded myth that women do not attend university to study, but rather to find husbands? Perhaps this is the reason that large closets are of such importance and desk space is a secondary issue.

I realize that the residences were designed and built a few decades ago, and that the men's and women's residences were designated as such in that time period. Surely, a blind adherence to tradition must be the reason why New College has not ceased referring to Wilson Hall as the female residence, and Wetmore Hall as the male residence. But what kind of message is New College sending to its female students? Admittedly, both residences are primarily co-ed at present; two of six floors in Wilson Hall are female only, and of the four floors in Wetmore Hall, only one is designated solely for males. But, by continuing to regard and advertise the inferior Wilson Hall to be the women's residence, New College is inadvertently undermining their position as home to the Women's Studies Program. It seems to this Editor that New College neither satisfies its role as host of the Women's Studies Program, nor lives up to the progressive attitudes which are implied in its name. If New College were truly progressive, it would have discontinued this anti-feminist discrimination a long time ago. Perhaps it's time for New College to consider a name change.

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Innis College News

Find out about better sex and more money

DO THE WRITE THING

Everything You Ever Wanted to Know, but were Afraid to Ask

Antonia Yee

The Innis College Writing Centre is the oldest writing lab at the University of Toronto. It has five enthusiastic and experienced tutors, numerous satisfied clients, and it is a free service. Yet, some students are still afraid to take advantage of its services. In order to dispel this fear and provide answers to some of the most common questions and concerns, I have interviewed Roger Greenwald, director of the Innis Writing Centre.

Many students are concerned that there may be some sort of negative stigma attached to attending the writing centre. They worry that if their professors find out, they may regard them as dumb, and may judge their work accordingly.

"The fact is that appointments at the Writing Lab are confidential, which means that aside from the student and the tutors, no one is allowed to have access to or read the record card. If a professor should call and ask about a student for some reason, for example if the student asks for an extension, the writing lab can only tell the professor whether the student had an appointment and when. The student must give his or her permission to release more information."

Roger assures us that there is no negative stigma attached to attending the writing centre, and in fact, it is just the opposite. "Professors regard visits to the Writing Centre as evidence of student motivation; they therefore see this as a positive piece of news, not a negative one. In fact, if a student has asked for an extension, evidence that he or she has begun work on the essay supports the student's request. The bottom line is that professors like to get good essays, so they are very happy when they see the Writing Centre helping students write better essays!"

Many students, especially those who earned high marks in high school, or are doing well in university courses, wonder if they have much to gain from using the Writing Centre.

In response to these doubts, Roger has two answers. He reminds first-year students that they will almost inevitably have a shock when they get their first essays back. The Writing Centre can function as preventive medicine.

A writing lab session is like a trial run; it gives students a chance to get reactions and criticisms of their work from a faculty member in advance of submitting it.

To those students who already have experience writing for university level courses, Roger responds with the age-old adage "There is always room for improvement". He adds: "I realize that this is an idealistic answer, but writing essays is not just a test of what you have learned, it is part of the learning process". Roger issues a warning particularly aimed at students who write well and get good grades, but use their writing skills intuitively: "Some people may not even make an outline; they plan essays in their heads. But when you come to write more complex and longer essays, as in upper-year courses, it becomes more difficult to do that without any paper-organizing skills". At an advanced level, people also need to deploy editing and writing skills consciously. Finally, Roger gives us all a practical and truthful reminder—"the more aware you are of why you've written a piece a certain way, the more easily you will be able to defend it".

Often students have no idea how to prepare themselves for a Writing Centre appointment.

"You don't need to prepare at all to go to the Writing Centre; all you need to do is what you would've done anyway to write the assignment. You can come at any stage in the writing process when you want feedback, criticism or help. The work that arises from a writing centre appointment is the work you do after it, based on what we show you during the session, not on anything before it."

You don't even need to wait until you get an assignment. You can get a Writing Fitness Assessment by bringing an old assignment, either from high school or university, to the Writing Lab for evaluation. The tutor will point out your areas of strength and areas for improvement, as well as preview how the Writing Centre can help you this year. *Students wonder about the qualifications of the writing tutors. In particular, many students fear being falsely directed in their assignments by lab tutors who may not know the professor or the course, or who are not too knowledgeable*

in the student's field of study.

Roger sees this as a legitimate concern: "The first thing we want to see is the assignment sheet in order to understand what the course instructor is asking you to do. Where there seems to be doubt, we ask the student to ask the professor. We do not impose our own interpretations. Furthermore, if the student tells us that the prof is this way or that way, we try to help the student write in the way that is called for." Roger reminds us that no two faculty members evaluate a piece of work in the same way. "There is always a possibility, however slight, that the tutor will think the essay is good, and that the professor will not agree". The greatest source of variation in marking papers, according to Roger, is the difference in the weighting of certain elements. Some professors place greater emphasis on writing style and technique, while others see the content as more important. Roger makes it clear that the writing tutors never estimate grades, because they don't pretend to have competence in the subject area, which is often a large component of the grade. However, "the tutors are generalists who have broad familiarity with work in many fields, and when it comes to writing, they are all experts". (You can read brief biographies of all the tutors on the Writing Centre's web page) You are always welcome to ask for an appointment with a particular tutor.

Many students feel insecure about showing their writing to the Writing Centre Tutors and receiving harsh criticism about their work.

Roger explains that "tutors are hired not just for their editorial skills, but also for their ability to communicate with students and be supportive. There will be some tough criticism, but it is constructive". Roger emphasizes that the Writing Centre is an academic support service. "Everyone is insecure about writing. People in the Writing Centre are not there to judge you. We're the students' allies, their partners". The Writing Centre also offers techniques to help students who have writer's block, or are just frazzled.

The Headliners

Innis Election Results

ICSS First Year Reps
Savtaj Brar
Brett Hendrie

ICC Council Members

Meissa Benloss
Dan Constantini
Joanna Carson
Heather Frost
David Kim
Heather Lawrence
Klara Michal
Adil Mohammed
Renee Nicholas
William O'Higgins
Sangeeta Patel
Nadia Persad
Antonia Yee

Everyone can get involved with the ICSS!

Remember: ICSS meetings are held roughly every second Wednesday at 9:10 pm in the ICSS office. These meetings are open to all Innis Students. Come voice your opinions about student government activities. It's your right.

Opportunities!

EARN EXTRA \$\$\$

WANTED: Innis Student Representatives for Weekly Guest Lists
Earn \$1.00 per student name for phoning or faxing in guest lists. Need Representatives from Years 1, 2, 3 & 4.
Contact The Innis Herald for more information.

Store your stuff in the cheapest lockers on Campus! \$15 buys you a locker for the year. Sign up at the ICSS office, rm 116 at Innis College.

IMPORTANT!!!

COME ONE, COME ALL TO THE INNIS COLLEGE STUDENT SOCIETY BUDGET MEETING

Wed. Oct. 8th 9:10pm
at
Innis College

Want to know how
\$55,000 dollars of your
money is being spent?
Would you like to give
your input into who re-
ceives your hard-earned
dollars and for what
purpose?
I know I would.

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The Innis Writing Centre

Who is eligible to use the Writing Lab?

Innis students, or students living in the Residence can bring in any written assignment for courses (with the exception of take-home exams), including lab reports. Non-Innis students may bring in any written assignments from INI or JIE courses. Complete policies can be found on the website.

Times: 9 am - 5 pm Monday, Wednesday, Thursday & Friday; 12:15 - 8:15 pm Tuesday

Room # 322 (St. George Street wing)

Phone # 978-4871

Website: <http://www.utoronto.ca/innis/services/writing.html>

Aside from providing the usual information, a visit to the Innis Writing Centre's web page allows you to access numerous helpful files on writing courtesy of Margaret Procter.

The Innis Intramurals Schedule

Co-ed Intramurals

VOLLEYBALL

Thurs. October 2

10:00pm SGI New III vs. Innis

ULTIMATE FRISBEE

Wed. October 1

7:30am FCS SMC vs. Innis

Sat. October 18

10:00am FCN PHE vs. Innis

Sat. October 25

9:00am FCN Innis vs. Trinity

Disc-o-phile

Wed. October 29

7:30am FCN Innis vs. Vic Pantheis

Reminder: Playoff meeting is on Monday,

Nov. 3 at 12 noon in the Conference Room.

Women's Intramurals

FIELD HOCKEY

Thurs. October 16

7:30am FCNE Vic/Innis/Skule vs. St.

Hilda's/SMC

Sun. October 26

12 noon SCAR Vic/Innis/Skule vs.

Scarborough

Reminder: Playoff meeting is on

Wednesday, Oct. 29 at 12 noon in the

Conference Room.

Men's Intramurals

RUGBY

Fri. October 17

5:00pm BCW Meds vs. Innis

Sun. October 26

3:00pm BCW Skule B vs. Innis

Fri. October 31

3:00pm BCW Innis vs. Skule A

Reminder: Playoff meeting is on Tuesday,

Nov. 4 at 1 pm in the Conference Room.

TOUCH FOOTBALL

DIVISION II

Wed. October 8

4:00pm BCE Innis Crew vs. U.C.

Tues. October 14

4:00pm BCE Trinity Black Death vs.

Innis Crew

Thurs. October 23

5:00pm BCE Pharmacy vs. Innis

Crew

Reminder: Playoff meeting is on Tuesday,

Oct. 28 at 12 noon in the Conference

Room.

PRESS RELEASE

OFFICE OF THE COORDINATOR OF STUDENT SERVICES AND REGISTRAR, INNIS COLLEGE.

An Information session on admission requirements to the Bachelor of Education program at the University of Toronto will be held on 7 October at 4:00 in the Events Room of the Innis College Residence. The session is hosted by the Office of the Coordinator of Student Services and Registrar at Innis College. The presenter of the event is the Assistant Registrar, Preservice Admissions, from the Ontario Institute for Studies in Education/University of Toronto (OISE)—formerly the Faculty of Education/University of Toronto, or FEUT). The session will last approximately 50 minutes. Students are advised to bring questions with them and to be prepared to have many questions answered.

OISE/UT has recently announced a new scholarship for students entering the Bachelor of Education program. The University of Toronto Vari Scholarship has been established this year by the Honourable George W. Vari and Helen Vari. For 1998, two awards of \$10,000 will be made to persons admitted to the Intermediate/Senior Division of the Bachelor of

Education program. The application deadline for the scholarship is Friday 5 December 1997. For information, contact OISE/UT Office of the Registrar, Preservice Admission Unit, 371 Bloor Street West, Toronto, Ontario M5S 2R7.

Volunteers needed! U of T Day is set for 4 October 1997. As part of this annual "Open House" event, Innis College will have a display booth in Sidney Smith Hall and will conduct tours of the Innis College Residence. The Office of the Coordinator of Student Services and Registrar welcomes any number of volunteers for any amount of time to chat with potential students at the booth between 10:00 a.m. and 4:00 p.m. (Set-up is at 9:30!) and/or to help with hourly tours of the Innis College Residence. Please call the Office of the Coordinator of Student Services and Registrar at 978-2513 in the daytime to let us know at what time and how you would like to help out.

The Man and the Building: Harold Adams Innis

Civiane Chung

Why would a new student (or in my case, transfer student) choose Innis College as academic HQ? Because of its academic status? Its friendly atmosphere? The comfortable couches? Or on the basis of a half-remembered Canadian history course where Harold Adams Innis' "Staples Thesis" was engraved into my rebellious mind?

My old history professor REALLY admired the Staples Thesis.

So here I am.

Innis

However, Innis was known for more than just one thesis. According to Professor Roger Rieudeau, a former Canadian history professor turned academic writing counselor(?), Innis was a famous historian, economist and communications expert. "He was an internationally recognized scholar and his work has endured and influenced the work of many other scholars." Born in 1894 in a small Ontario county, Innis was educated at McMaster University and the University of Chicago. He became the head of the Political Economy Department at the University of Toronto in 1937. At his death, he left behind numerous books and an unfinished manuscript. His interests ranged from history, economy and communications. In the academic world, he was and remains, an internationally famous scholar.

History and Economics

His work helped shape the Canadian identity; his books on the fur, fish and lumber trade influenced the way Canadians perceived themselves. Innis insisted that Canada think of itself as an east-west economy instead an extension of the United States.

Communications

Innis was not only interested in the economy and the politics of his period, but, said Rieudeau, he was also fascinated "with the role of communication technologies in the development of Western culture." His books on this topic are widely known. His name was often linked to his colleague Marshall McLuhan, considered the "guru of communication," according to Rieudeau.

Why Innis College?

When names for Innis College were considered, the decision was made to name it after a famous University of Toronto person, said Rieudeau. That year, 1962 was the 10th anniversary of Innis' death and his "memory was fresh in people's minds," he adds.

Presently

Besides the uplifting pictures suspended from the hallowed rafters of Innis, the college also has a plaque commemorating its patron. It's to the right of the main entrance which I of course (ah-hem) always notice when walking past. As well, the Harold Innis Foundation sponsors scholarships for graduates and undergraduates and encourages publications and conferences on his work.

Staples Thesis

As for the infamous Staples Thesis: according to my history prof., it was a theory that the Canadian economy was founded on such staples as timber, fur and fish.

For more on this, please see Prof. J. Taylor in Ottawa. He'd be happy to oblige.

Straight Facts

- born Nov. 5, 1894 in Otterville, Oxford County Ontario
- died Nov. 8, 1952 in Toronto, Ontario
- attained his B.A. and M.A. at McMaster University, and his Ph.D at the University of Chicago
- 1920 lectured economics U of T
- 1921 married Mary Quayle, had four children
- 1937 head of political economy UT
- 1947 dean of graduate studies
- books include *The Fur Trade in Canada*, *Problems of Staple Production*, *Empire and Communications*, *The Bias of Communication*

Personal Visions in Film

CINSSU presents a series of avant-garde and experimental films, with featured appearances by several artists. Screening begin at 9 pm in Innis College Town Hall on the first Monday of each month from October to April. Admission is free.

October 6 — Avant-Garde Classics

Un Chien Andalou, Salvador Dalí & Luis Buñuel (16 min)

Meshes of the Afternoon, Maya Deren (18 min)

Duo Concertantes, Larry Jordan (10 min)

Entr'acte, Picabia, Clair & Rene (21 min)

Anemic cinema, Marcel Duchamp (7 min)

Ballet mécanique, Fernand Léger (14 min)

Emak Bakia, Man Ray (18 min)

Return to Reason, Man Ray (3 min)

November 3 — Fringes of Surrealism

Blood of a Poet, Jean Cocteau (56 min)

Rose Hobart, Joseph Cornell (13 min)

November 10 — Joel Hartling Presents

On his way from shows at MoMA and Cinematheque Ontario, filmmaker, composer and Brakhage-collaborator Joel Hartling treats us to special night of his films. Thanks to Cinematheque Ontario/AGO.

December 1 — Adventures in Animation

numerous shorts by Jordan Belson

A Color Box and Free Radicals, Len Lye (3&4 min)

numerous shorts by Norman McLaren

Early Abstractions, Harry Smith (24 min)

Mothlight, Stan Brakhage (4 min)

69 and Fistfight, Robert Breer (5&11 min)

Animals in Motion, John Straiton (7 min)

January 5 — Bruce Elder Presents

We are pleased to have filmmaker/professor R. Bruce Elder present a program of his work.

February 2 — Hart of London

Hart of London, Jack Chambers (80 min)

March 2 — Autobiography in Film

Nostalgia, Hollis Frampton (36 min)

Wide Angle Saxon, Owen Land (22 min)

Reminiscences of a Journey to Lithuania, Jonas Mekas (82 min)

or *Quick Billy*, Bruce Baillie (54 min)

Also in March (date TBA) — *Phil Solomon Presents*

We welcome filmmaker and Colorado University instructor Phil Solomon to present a selection of his work. Thanks to Cinematheque Ontario/AGO.

April 6 — Films By Local Artists

An evening open to the work of local experimental filmmakers.

Free Free Free Friday Films Schedule

CINSSU in conjunction with SAC present Free Friday Films (FFF), every Friday at 7 pm, Innis College Town Hall, 2 Sussex Avenue.

October 3 — Sweetie

Jane Campion, 1989

October 10 — Cabaret

Bob Fosse, 1972

October 17 — The Conformist

Bernardo Bertolucci, 1970

October 24 — "Pick a Filck"

October 31 — Scream

Wes Craven, 1996

November 7 — Pickup on South Street

Sam Fuller, 1953

November 14 — Sweet Smell of Success

Alexander Mackendrick, 1957

November 21 — Chinatown

Roman Polanski, 1974

November 28 — Bound

Andy and Larry Wachowski, 1996

December 5 — Breaking the Waves

Lars von Trier, 1996

January 9 — Hard Core Logo

Bruce McDonald, 1996

January 16 — Canada Dances

Moving Pictures presents a series of experimental shorts

in collaboration with independent dance artists.

January 23 — Un zoo la nuit

Jean-Claude Lauzon, 1987

January 30 — Outrageous!

Richard Benner, 1977

February 6 — The Decline of the American Empire

Denys Arcand, 1986

February 13 — Kissed

Lynne Stopkewich, 1996

February 27 — When We Were Kings

Leon Gast, 1996

March 6 — Fire

Deepa Mehta, 1996

March 13 — Carte Blanche

A notable local industry figure presents a film of his or her choice.

March 20 — Hamlet

Kenneth Branagh, 1996

March 27 — The Sweet Hereafter

Atom Egoyan, 1997

April 3 — Lost Highway

David Lynch, 1996

WHAT'S YOUR BITCH?

Moana Boute, Resident Bitch Therapist

Hey Hey Inniesites! Welcome back to this unholy institution the powers that be have labelled the University of Toronto. I hope everyone had a bitchin' summer, I know I did. There is sooo much to bitch about I don't know where to begin um I guess the beginning will serve as a good enough place as any so away we go.

This first bitch comes from an Innis Residence student. She, He, It writes:

"Too much profanity on the — box."

Hmmm, fuck you're right.

Bitch number two also comes to us from the res. He, She, It writes:

"My Bitch is: Everyone refers to me as the Drunken Man who slept on the picnic table."

Well, uncomfortable sleeper, I think you should be happy with the fact that you are only known as the drunken man who fell asleep on the picnic table as opposed to the drunken man who tried to copulate with the picnic table. My advice? It isn't so bad, get over it.

Okay, this bitch comes from the res as well. They write:

"Firstly, it took too damn long to find a fuckin' pen and paper to bitch on. Secondly, we're pissed off at the lack of a party atmosphere on the weekends. Why is it so dull around here?"

We want to bitch about our roommate and his fuckin' girlfriend, who screw each other and then fuck up our kitchen. Fuck, we have to clean up all the crap they leave behind: everything from cabbages to condoms. And is it so hard for the counter staff to smile when we pass by? The last thing we need after a long day trying to understand profs who speak through their asses is an arrogant counter clerk to make our blood boil. Mon, why the fuck isn't there anything else to bitch about?"—Toddle Creek Bitches

Well, well, well. That sure was a mouthful, you discontented bitches. Let me first say that I get off on entries like yours. So, looking for a little advice, are we? The solution to your non-existent party woe and the trouble with your roommate is simple. The next time you're bored and feeling bitter about not getting any, interrupt your roommate and his girlfriend, make them come to the kitchen and make a big pile of garbage consisting of the cabbages and condoms, roll around in it and have sex with each other. Voilà! Instant party. Oh, and why don't you throw in the person opposed to profanity for good measure and teach them a few good swear words? It'll be better than *Cats*.

In response to your counter staff bitch: did you ever think that these people smile until their mouths hurt? You probably caught them at an inopportune time. I happen to know them personally and they are the kindest people on the planet. They probably resent you because they can see that you consider them "counter staff" instead of their rightful position titles as concierges. They aren't running a bloody sandwich shop down there for you to call them counter staff. I think you have deep issues that no doubt stem from sexual repression and an obsession that stems from too much cabbage resembling condoms. My advice to you is that you seek professional help and let go of the bitterness. GEESH. Also, you are not all too bright for including your res floor. You better sleep with one eye open; people know where you live.

Well that does it for this month. Notice that no one at Innis College took the time to bitch. What the fuck is wrong with you people? The bitch box is located in the Innis College lounge, the big yellow room with those wayward hobos that lounge around there all the time. So drop in a bitch to keep the bitching alive... thanks. H.T and B.K. See you soon..

Innis College Social Schedule

Chris Lam

October is going to be a big month for social events at Innis College. Jed and I have been working hard to bring you some cool events. October's events will begin on the 5th when we are having a *Star Wars* Night at the Town Hall. We are showing the entire trilogy (the special edition letterbox versions) beginning at 5pm on the huge screen at Innis. There will be tons of prizes for those who can answer Cass and Joel's trivia questions, so don't miss out. Our next big event is a road trip to Waterloo on October 16th (my birthday) for the annual Oktoberfest celebration. We will board buses at around 6pm and get back to Innis at around 3:30am. While in Waterloo we will visit Bingham's Hall where there will be hundreds of other students partying from various universities. The trip is only \$10, which includes transportation, admission, all the games and a free beer stein. To close out the month of October we will be holding a Halloween bash at Top of the Market on the 31st. Get ready, because this party is going to be HUGE!!!!

Frosh Week Memories

Brett Hendrie



Joel and Joe welcome frosh - Photo: Mike Gillan

I would either rudely enter into their conversation, introduce myself or carefully explain the root of my confused state. Still, the boat trip is a pretty good representation to me of what Frosh week was really all about: people. Nobody onboard truly cared about the architectural construct of the CN Tower or the history of the Toronto Island Airport, but people were still having a good time. Pretty much all the events that were organized could have easily been labeled as boring or childish by someone who didn't attend them. Those who did, however, knew that their true value came not from what they were doing, but from the conversations you had and the people you met.

Please don't get me wrong: the events themselves were intended to be childish—and that's precisely why they were so much fun. For those unfortunate enough not to attend, or for those who are extremely sentimental, I'll run down some of the larger events that tent-poled the week.

The Scavenger Hunt: A lot of running around town, doing desperate things to get more obscure objects than the other five teams. This little event did lead to one frosh shaving his entire head, another shoplifting a handful of lard and one frosh getting caught for switching the price tag of a double-D cup bra with a less expensive "model".

Playdium: All the eye-candy you could take for 3 hours. People tried everything from virtual NASCAR racing to scaling the 60-foot high mountain-climbing wall to go-carts. Highlights include Bryan Brown (the lead guy in the film "F/X") having to hide himself from Innies a little too eager to get his autograph.

Casey Jones, the Hypnotist: twenty volunteers were put into a trance and were made to enact a wide variety of activities, all of which made the audience crack up. Casey actually got people to pretend that they were driving speedboats in the Caribbean, making-out with the person of their dreams, and he even convinced one poor sap to do a strip-tease.

Karaoke Night at Majic: it's a pretty safe bet that after this, few frosh will be running out to audition as singers. Nonetheless, it was a night of music; everything from the original Killing Me Softly to Hotel California was heard. A faux Elvis even graced us with his presence—unfortunately, even the King couldn't do anything about the watered-down drinks.

Over-nighter at the Hart House Farm: a fitting grand-finale for the week that began with the no-lose idea of having a play-day.

The Orange team took home the gold in those almost Olympian events like tug-o-war, egg on a spoon, the obstacle course, swing around the bat, and the water balloon toss. At night, Erindale campus showed up with lots of food, DJs and a whole lot of rain. The night was a blast, even if it was a wet one.

The week closed with the Purple team taking home the most points for frosh participation and a few lucky people winning Sony walkmans and discmans. I think that I speak on behalf of everybody who came out when I extend the sincerest thanks to Joel and the rest of the ICSS for putting together a smooth and incredibly fun frosh week. I ate a lot of free food, drank a lot, talked a lot and met far too many people. But, in the end, I learned the most important lesson of them all: always read the instructions on the side of the Sudafed box.

How to Seduce your Frosh Leaders, Professors and Newspaper Editors

Kathi Dymek the Temptress

Rule #1 You must be cute like me.

Note: If you do not fit the above-mentioned description, I cannot guarantee that this foolproof formula will work for you.

Okay, here are the remaining rules (in no particular order)

- It is always a good idea to pretend that you are innocent and that you have no ulterior motives (like taking over the newspaper...wink, wink)

- Prattle the phrases "I'm cute" and "you love me" and repeat these magic words to your frosh leader as often as possible.

Note: if you need to swing a pocket watch in front of their eyes, back-and-forth, back-and-forth, you-are-getting-sleepy, you're obviously not cute enough to have this formula work for you. Give up before you embarrass yourself.

- Wear tight, revealing clothing whenever possible (especially if you're a fat guy with breasts)

- Stop shaving your armpits and raise your arms as often as possible.

- I'm cute, you love me.

- Get them loaded and give them the impression that you will perform sexual favours in the near future. (they signed contracts, you know)

- compliments about their ass are always good and helpful.

- Facial waxing? Hell no! That's passe. Let it grow real long.

If you can braid it, your foot is in the door.

- I'm cute, you love me.

- Suggest a night of pornoflicks at your place (featuring yourself). Hey, it worked for me! My frosh leaders are still stinking me. I already have A's in all my courses and this article actually got published in the newspaper!

Side Note: for all you people that paid ninety dollars for Frosh Week and didn't bother showing up...

(a) you could've at least used the shot glass and the condoms
(b) didn't anyone tell you that there was free food, alcohol and male strippers?

(c) next time you have ninety dollars that you don't know what to do with, call me. I'll be your friend.

I remember, in only the foggiest visions, the activity which marked the halfway point through Frosh week. Any images which I recall are sparse, scattered and shattered, as if my memories had turned into a broken jigsaw puzzle on the ground. The event in question, however, was not a huge mixer or raging kegger. Rather, it was one of the most sedentary events possible: a leisurely-paced and sightseer-oriented boat tour of the Toronto Harbour.

Let me elaborate: I wasn't drunk and I wasn't high. Instead, I was hopped up on Sudafed (I had taken triple the desired amount for reasons as elaborate as they are stupid). The combination of the swaying motion of the boat and the medication forced me to desperately hang onto the ship's railings as I stumbled from one group of people to the next where

truly cared about the architectural construct of the CN Tower or the history of the Toronto Island Airport, but people were still having a good time. Pretty much all the events that were organized could have easily been labeled as boring or childish by someone who didn't attend them. Those who did, however, knew that their true value came not from what they were doing, but from the conversations you had and the people you met.

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Frosh enjoy the afternoon boat cruise - Photo: Mike Gillan

What's Going on at Innis Rez???

Lyndsay Riddoch

Wow, more than three weeks have gone by living in the Innis Residence and it's beginning to feel a lot like home. Everybody is getting to know their roommates, and roaming the halls. You will find many suite doors open, inviting you to meet your neighbours. Study rooms are also filling up with people looking for a quiet spot to do some reading. The school year has just begun, but many adventures are already underway in Rez.

First, ICSS and ICC elections, which gave everybody at Innis the chance to participate and voice their ideas and opinions, just took place.

For Frosh already sweating through some difficult courses, don't give up!!! Study groups are being set up in a variety of areas so that upper-year students can give some advice and assistance to those students in first year courses.

Dons on each floor are starting to set up more social activities. The third floor has been matched with another suite to have dinner together. Hopefully someone has some cooking skills! The fourth floor has an upcoming floor crawl, a trip to Canada's Wonderland and to the Docks.

Many volunteer opportunities have also been popping up. For example, Huron Elementary School is looking for students to assist in classrooms, and high school students need tours of the campus. These are a great way to gain experience, and to show off Innis as the best residence on campus.

Well, those are just a few of the happenings going on in the Innis Residence. Flyers of upcoming events are constantly surfacing. I'll keep you posted!!!

Creations

Perihelion
story

His breathing becomes ragged as he nears climax, and his movements briefly fall into step with the whirring of traffic on the Gardiner above her. She distracts herself by watching the snow, sifted from the stanchions glowing in the sunlight that filters through the expansion joints of the elevated highway. The snow settles among the blankets and sleeping bags of the other homeless, and on this man's back as he clenches and shudders, his grip finally relaxing on her wrists. As he slumps she almost gets her teeth into his ear, but her thoughts are already on her shopping cart, abandoned when the man grabbed her.

She climbs to her feet and arranges her skirts so that the drafts subside and the shocking cold of the day loses some of its edge. Shuffling cautiously to avoid another interruption she makes her way to her cart, not really expecting to find it. As she rounds the last cracked cement pillar, bleeding rust from thirty years of neglect, she is startled to find her cart, almost untouched. She was not the first one to find it, she discovers as she comes alongside. There is a man curled up next to it, shoeless and wearing only a thin shirt. He has had all signs of age worn from him, and he is thin enough to count his ribs. She pokes him with her shoe, but it is clear that he is not breathing. If she hadn't been wearing every scrap of clothing she could find he might have found something to wear, but it's been cold. She pushes the cart away, but stops a few paces away with a small squeak of recognition.

Returning to the corpse she pulls at his hands, still pliant, and retrieves the small plastic object held there. She coos softly as she clutches the toy to her, so grubby that the paint has been worn from it and only a child could recognize its origin. She tucks the toy into a fold of clothing, not willing to risk it to the cart again, and pushes the cart forward.

She looks up again just as the sun falls below the rainbow sign. She walks north. By the time she crosses the bridge the sun is gone, and the shadows cover the city and crawl steadily up the shining towers. The sky is clear—it's going to be cold again.

The garbage strike is in its third week, and the heaps are threatening to close Spadina to traffic, but the sidewalks are clear in a narrow path along the buildings. By this time many of the pathways from the stores to the street have collapsed, and the sidewalks are like tunnels, nearly deserted as shoppers shun the reeking closeness that Chinatown has become. She comes to a place where garbage bags were stacked to twice her height, and then slipped, covering the sidewalk completely. She used the lighter bags to conceal her cart, and then climbs into the midden. As she steps on one of the bags it bursts, releasing a spill of steaming, greasy rice. She looks around, but no one else is around, and so she pulls off her grimy mitten and the glove beneath it, and scoops the food into her mouth, relishing the warmth and the occasional nugget of meat. When she has scooped the bag clean, she finds the deepest part of the pile and burrows in. The bags feel pleasantly slippery and she nestles into the heat that they radiate. She reaches into her ragged vest, and pulls out a glass teat, and suckles, savouring the sharp sting as the alcohol pours over her broken lips and teeth without remembering how she was hurt. As she lies back she feels the rumble of a streetcar and watches the scant stars shimmer in the heat from the garbage, and drifts to sleep, without thought for the coming day.

W N. O'Higgins

Tolino
poem

Footsteps carved
through the wreck of a nightmare,
washed onto the shore
the storm in fragments
and my mind
in a distant place
to which I may never return.

I have held the earth beneath my feet,
embraced the mountains
veiled in the fallen sky

face to the north
land of my dreams.

Kate Davis

Massacre
poem

Loading his happy gun
empty shoes
in an empty room

echoes
of wild dancing stories
no words to recite

just remember

sweet little shoes
black bodies
and flooded eyes.

Kate Davis

A Race in High Park
recollection

All Aboard Youth Ventures Inc. had a little fund raiser. They figured out how to get money from a foot race held in High Park. Pristine pathways of rotted bark. Big trees. Smells like a forest. At my station of the race (I was the banjo player) the path divided. I stood facing with my back towards the starting line and played. The racers passed me four times.

I don't know the route of the race beyond my little part of it. From the starting line to where I stood, the path winds but is generally straight. About what one expects of a forest path. The racers passed by on my right—their left. They went up the hill and out of sight. I didn't see them until they bolted right past me. The path to my left is a long steep high hill. They come down it, fast, four times. This reporter had to back up so as to avoid being trampled. It was really a great spot to play banjo. I played mostly fast songs: *Sweet Thing*, *The Butterfly Song*, *Frankie and Albert*, just to name a few. I never thought of *Richmond is a Hard Road to Travel* as a slow song. I guess it is. I picked it because it's so long. Well, most folk songs are pretty long. I learned that I shouldn't play slow songs to fast race settings. Just one of those things you don't really think about until it's over.

I never did find out who won, or just how the company made money. The contestants didn't seem to care once it was over and we were eating cookies and bagels. Some folks were getting massaged by actual massage students—for free. Their massage tables had a hole cut through for the massagee's face. The whole thing had class.

Paul Hall

Women: Coming Out of the Dark
essay

I was looking in the mirror the other day, staring into my own eyes. I hated myself. The worst part was, I couldn't figure out why. I have a loving family, wonderful friends, a promising future, and integrity. As far as I could see, I had it all. I knew it, too. So what was missing? And then I figured it out. I wasn't feminine enough. I wasn't any of the celebrated stereotypes of our society. I wasn't a headstrong feminist like Gloria Steinem. I wasn't a temptress like Sharon Stone. I wasn't beautiful like Cindy Crawford. I just didn't fit into any of the "feminine" types around me. Whether it was witch, saint or housewife, none of them worked for me. What are female stereotypes? Why do they exist? Stereotypes are neat little packages the society and media try to fit us into. This way, they can get us to buy products or embrace ideals. For instance, when Douglas Coupland coined the phrase "Generation X", the media jumped all over it, and even determined the years that the X generation began and finished. All of a sudden, movies like *Reality Bites*, music, clothes, and books became targeted at those feeling mid-twenties angst. Unfortunately, the media, which claims to be our voice, is usually controlled by people with ulterior motives. Even Allen Cross of CFNY "the Edge" 102.1 radio was quoted saying "[The media] is lying to you. Don't believe a word we say."

So if we know what stereotypes are, and that they are merely marketing ploys, why did I feel bad about not fitting into one? At that moment, it hit me. Maybe the stereotypes are more than marketing ploys? Maybe they are also guidelines by which my self-esteem can be measured. What is stereotypically feminine, anyway? Is it a girl with red lipstick, pale skin and dark, sultry eyes. In a long flowery dress blowing in the breeze? Or is it a bleach...er, blonde woman wearing a red barely-there bikini bathing suit with an hourglass figure and a tiny waist line, who runs up and down a California beach?

Sorry, I'm not either, and I don't want to be either. What I DO want is to be respected. I want to be able to live in a world where I don't have to depend on anyone else, especially a man. I want to be self-reliant. I don't want to have to flirt, smile, toss my hair, or speak in a breathy voice to get things done.

Fortunately for our generation, there are women who are changing the world—Canadians such as Roberta Bondar, Sheila Copps, Alanis Morissette and Margaret Atwood, and Americans such as Hillary Clinton, and Marcia Clark. These are those few successful women who have proven that they can hold their own, stand their ground, and be independent without batting their eyelashes.

A powerful woman is one that can stand up for herself, with integrity and honesty. She does what she feels is right. She is not bound by labels—she fights them. She wants more than the world can give her and she does more than people expect of her.

Then I blinked. I took a second look in the mirror. I decided it was time to turn on the light.

Vicky Loh

*"Writing is the only thing that, when I do it,
I don't feel I should be doing something else."*
Gloria Steinem

THIS PAGE IS ONLY AS GOOD AS YOUR SUBMISSIONS. HINT.

Come out to the next Herald meeting! New writers are welcome!
Thursday, October 9th at 6pm in the Herald office (room 305 of
Innis' old wing, above the Innis Café) If you can't make it, call us at 978-4748.

MUSIC NEWS

Catherine Wheel Live on Top of The EDGE

Kim DeCastro

It's a strange event, to say the least. Imagine standing in the middle of Yonge Street, listening to a band on a balcony not twenty feet above your head, watching other people who think this to be a less than productive way to spend a Thursday afternoon rushing by with their hands over their ears. Sure, strange. And possible, thanks to the creative (or demented) minds at 102.1 the Edge, our local air rock gods.

Stranger yet is that this isn't the first time such an event has been hosted on these corners. This is just the first time Catherine Wheel has played this sidewalk venue. They started half an hour late (luckily it was a warm day). Judging by the reaction of the fans it was a worthwhile wait.

While this was just a warm up for the evenings show, the band put a lot into their half hour set, and seemed to enjoy doing it. Between songs, Rob Dickinson would chat to the small crowd below the balcony and the larger one across the street. Before "Satellite" one of only two new songs the band did that day, Rob leaned over the balcony and screamed "What a nice day. What a nice fucking day!". Of course everyone cheered. Many also cheered during "Delicious", their new single from their latest disc, entitled *Adam and Eve*, and when he sang "Make All of Your Love to Me". Apparently there were a few Rob fans among the die hard Catherine Wheel-ers. Since most of their songs easily approach the five minute mark, no one really seemed to



notice that the band only playing five songs altogether. Probably because they played all their big hits, except "Way Down", their huge single from *Hoppy Days*. Also noticeably absent was "Spirit of Radio" which, until their b-sides and rarities album, could only be found on a CFNY compilation CD. The band's first song, "Crank", brought on cheers and applause. Most people sang along. Others, who had just gathered to see what the fuss was about went on their merry way. By the time they broke into "Heal" the crowd was made up only of fans and everyone was singing along. Towards the end, though, someone was commenting on the almost "Glycerine" sound to the final chorus.

Although Catherine Wheel are easily heavy enough to have bone crushing mosh pits, they are also beautiful enough to bring on an incredible sense of mellow enjoyment. While there was only the latter going on at this show there was also a little dancing going on in some quarters.

While you may still be thinking about the strangeness of seeing a concert in the middle of Yonge Street, you can stop right now. It's not strange, it's wonderful. The acoustics are great, something to do no doubt with the "tile effect" —the fact that you always sound better when you sing in the bathroom. And if you can get over the cars driving behind you or the occasional 18-wheeler blocking your view you can almost forget where you really are.

Almost. Nothing could really take away that intriguing feeling of blocking lunch time traffic on the longest street in the world.

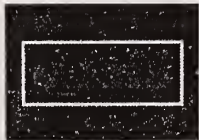
Rumors, Gossip and Other Lies

Milena Placentino

* Fulfilling the promise he made on New Year's, 1995, Bono and the rest of U2 played a two hour concert in Sarajevo's Kosevo Stadium. The show was the first major pop event in the ravaged city since the end of war. Bono visited the city with his wife in 1995, just a couple of weeks after the war ended, and promised the city he would return one day, with the band. The concert drew about 45,000 spectators to the city. During the war, U2 dedicated a song to the city's suffering - "Miss Sarajevo," which concluded Tuesday's concert, complete with huge video backdrops of a war-defying 1993 beauty contest. The band itself has apparently invested about \$1 million of their own money in the event.



* Oasis has broken Michael Jackson's record for the fastest-selling album in the UK with the release of their newest collection, *Be Here Now*. The album sold 356,000 copies in its first day of sales, that is, 6,000 more than the 1987 release by Jackson, *Bad*. Rumor has it that the band is expected to even outsell the Beatles 1967 release *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, which has sold 4.5 million copies to date.



* According to the British news service PA, an official Spice Girls deodorant is set to hit the market. Impulse will produce a body spray designed to capture the essence of the different Spice Girls.

* Cypress Hill is working on putting together a multi-act tour to be scheduled for sometime in late 1998. The tour will feature Cypress Hill along with B Real's side project the Psycho Realm, and possibly some of the artists from Muggs Presents... Soul Assassins, DJ Muggs' side project Chapter 1, featuring collaborations with Dr. Dre, Goodie Mob, MC Eiht, and Wydel Jean from the Fugees. The Psycho Realm's self-titled debut album is due Oct. 7 on Ruffhouse/Columbia.

* There will be a Nirvana box set in the future, but not anytime soon. Bassist Krist Novoselic and drummer Dave Grohl are contemplating releasing a box set that will be a series of alternate takes, B-sides, and other material that could fill several discs.

Finnish Schoolboy Wins World Air-Guitar Title! Ville Paakkari mimed his guitar-playing better than anyone else on August 29th to win the air-guitar championships in the northern Finnish town of Oulu. Paakkari, 10, took the world title after out-performing six Finns and one Swede in an art practiced by wannabe rock stars the world over. He air-riffed through a compulsory set of the rock band Nirvana's hit "Smells Like Teen Spirit," then dazzled the 3,000-member audience and the jury with a no-strings version of his own choice number, Finnish group Hurriganes' "Get On." The top prize was a Fender Stratocaster guitar, but competition organizer Jukka Takalo said: "A true air guitarist will not play it, but will hang it on the wall where it belongs as a trophy."

* With the Lilith Fair all wrapped up, Sarah McLachlan will be sifting through the best performances for inclusion on a Lilith Live album, due in March on her own Temple Records with Nettwerk Records distributing. Lilith Fair will continue next year, and a documentary, shot during Lilith's two-night stand in Toronto last month, is also in the works. It will air in Canada on CBC-TV later this fall.

* A tribute album to the late Princess Diana is in the planning stages. Paul McCartney, the Rolling Stones, Sting and seven other rock stars have agreed to perform on an album which is to be released before Christmas. It will also include the new version of "Candle in the Wind," sung by Elton John at Diana's funeral. All proceeds from the sale of the album will go to a memorial fund set up in Diana's name.

* A recently released album of communist-era songs praising the party and exhorting comrades to work harder has become a surprise hit in Hungary. Record stores across the country are doing a brisk business in the album, titled *Best of Communism*, featuring such tunes as "The Lenin Song," "Forward, Red Workers," the "March of the Workers' Militia" and, of course, the "Internationale." The album has sold more than 10,000 tape cassettes and CDs since its release four weeks ago, and is expected to hit #1 in the country next week.



Keep Yer Eyes Peeled!

New Tunes! New Tunes! The following is a list of discs from all your favourite bands. Now that you know when to expect them you'll only have to line up outside of the store for one day.

OCTOBER 7

Duran Duran, *Medazzaland*
Janet Jackson, *The Velvet Rope* (A tentative title)
Sting & The Police, *The Very Best Of Sting & The Police*
Holly Cole, *Deep Dark Heart*
The Pixies, *Death To The Pixies* (Double CD of Greatest Hits)

14

Eric Clapton, untitled
Green Day, *Nimrod*
Jane's Addiction, untitled
Alannah Myles, *Arrival*

21

Bobby Brown, *Forever*
Elvis Costello, *Greatest Hits*
Sugarcubes, *The Best Of*
Edwin Collins, *I'm Not Following You*

28

Shanla Twain, untitled
Will Smith, untitled
Joan Jett, untitled
All-4-One, *My Brother's Keeper*
KISS, *Carnival Of Souls*
The Cure, *Galore* (Greatest Hits)



NOVEMBER 4

Spice Girls, *Spice World*
Lisa Loeb, *Firecracker*

18

Babyface, *MTV Unplugged*
Erykah Badu, untitled live album
Marilyn Manson, untitled



Why did I put dear Robert here? Because I can!

MUSIC REVIEWS

Goldfinger, *Hang-ups* (Mojo Records, Universal Music)

Jenn Plummer and Steve Richman

Goldfinger continues to groove with their newest release, *Hang-Ups*. This album follows their two previous releases with their eclectic mixture of punk, ska, and sweet love songs. Listening to this album for the first time, I was surprised to find song after song of very impressive, fun music. Even though this album seems to be more along the lines of pop-punk than their previous LP, it does not seem like a selling of the soul for big dollars from screaming, teeny-bopping, virginal kiddies. They maintain their genuine sound, while modifying and polishing it to better reflect their aging perspective. This is done through the addition of more interesting and graduated sounds for a So-Cal skate punk band. Several horns, a Hammond organ, and a mandolin are a few of the many extras thrown in by producers John Feldmann, also lead vocals and guitar, and Jay Rifkin of MOJO records.

Hang-Ups is composed of tunes which keep your head bobbing to the reggae beat. Their ska influence is much more prominent and finds its way into most of the album, in contrast to their previous self-titled album in which the ska influence was only moderate. This creates a more original and stimulating album as their soul really shines through much of their music. This compact disc kept a smile on my face with their up tempo rhythms from the beginning of the album to the end, even though the end is not exactly where it should

be. The final track on the album, number fourteen, is thirty-six minutes long and is comprised of four different pieces of music. This secret track is quite interesting as the first 'song' on track fourteen, Chris Cayton, is a rather neat, boppy Satan-skater tribute.

The next song of the fourteenth track slows down a lot. It is an acoustic jam telling a deep, deep story yet they use a harmonica and some other effect to give this number a hard-core groove. Next is a more old-school punk number, followed ten minutes later by the band's last greeting, which I won't spoil for you as I will let you find out for yourself. This is just an indication of the depth of this album and the diversity which exist within the lovely red cover.

Yup, I like it. I like it lots. Fuck ya! Sorry, lost myself for a sec there. My initial reaction, that's all. This new album is distinctly

Goldfinger, so if you liked their earlier stuff at all, well, let's just take all the cool shit that distinguished them in the first place and multiply it by ten. For example, see previous paragraph, 'nuff said.

Oh, and if you ever get the chance, go see them live. That is if you have any appreciation for cool tattoos, entertainment value and good tunes. They love playing live so much that in 1996 they played three-hundred and eighty-two live shows. CRAZZZY!!! So go see them live if you can and definitely go pick up *Hang-Ups*.



Colony, *Siren* (MCA Records)

Sav Brar

After looking at the cover of the CD, I had no clue what to expect from this band. Their name seems to be appropriate for some U.K. techno band, but the picture on the front screamed JANE SIBERRY. What I got was a nice, mellow slice of guitar rock — something like an American version of Blue Rodeo. The music was slow and soft, but not boring or sappy. The same held true for the vocals. Unlike many, many CDs out there, Colony managed to keep me somewhat interested the whole way through. With 12 songs, these boys keep it short and sweet. If you're looking for a soundtrack for a summer afternoon, this CD is for you.



Barstool Prophets, *Last of the Big Game Hunters* (Mercury)

Jenny Ellison



I want at this moment to convey to you my bitter-sweet feelings about this review. Sweet because this is my first review ever; bitter because this album pretty much sucked I tried to be objective, listening to each song carefully. But again, bitter. It gave me a headache! The vocalist's whiny voice became irritating. The overall sound is really tight, guitar intense and poppy, every song is reminiscent of something else, but a mediocre something else.

The album is postmodern, a throwback to everything you have been hearing from Canadian independent bands with so-hip-it-hurts names (like the Barstool Prophets), but it

doesn't mean to be and it conveys absolutely no sense of irony. The Barstool Prophets take themselves a little too seriously. They are a Preston Manning in a jeans shirt/Sears catalogue angst sort of band. They want to be clever and hip but, like Andrea Zuckerman in 90210, it's just not happening. The following are some excerpts from a song-by-song contemplation of the album:

2. "Last of the Big Game Hunters" - This is a fun and guitar-oriented song with a catchy "danger is my middle name" for a chorus. Mix tape material.
 3. "Upside Down" - What does "a rude cerebral hurricane" mean? How can they say "So won't you turn that frown upside down" with such intensity and seriousness?
 5. "Weird and Wonderful" - Harder guitar sound, speedy drum, whiny voice, narrative lyrics (again). Isn't it ironic, don't you think?
 6. "Running Out" - This album might be appealing to those at the University of Waterloo.
 7. "Friend of Mine" - Mellow 99.9 song. Ever hear of Del Amiri? Like a trip up an elevator in the middle of the album.
 8. "All Tangled Up" - You can feel the 90210 angst in the opening (Kelly! Dylan! Brandon! Val!) [We do just watch the show to see how stupid it is, right? - ed.] "Decisions are drowning me." Come on...
 9. "Five Wheel/Highway 9" - What prophets of what bar? Where do they hang out to get this shit?
 10. "More" - "I don't know what to say, I can't believe I live this way." My thoughts exactly! How do guys write an entire album and get a record deal with lyrics like "I expected so much more"?
 11. "Hungry Joe" - Oh here come the maracas again. Something about this song reminds me of the musical Cats! and also a bit of Poison... Unskilny bop bop bop.
 12. "Get Along" - Okay something so delightfully 80's just happened right in the middle of this song with a wicked Bon Jovi echo and a "we will, we will rock you" Queen feel.
 13. "Thrusters" - Hip echo outerspace ship taking off noise. Nice Matthew Sweet-ish guitar thing. This is actually one of the better songs on the album.
- All in all, let's give this one to our friends at Scarborough Campus. "Last of the Big Game Hunters" and "Thrusters" are solid mix tape material. Otherwise, this album veers from radio station to radio station. One minute it's Mix 99.9 and the next it's 102.1. But, in the end, it's doubtful that this will ever attain the classic rock (and I'm sure, coveted) status of Q107.

Finger Eleven, *Tip* (Polygram)

Sav Brar

Word on the street is that some of the guys in this band were in the Rainbow Butt Monkeys, or the whole band just changed their name from RBM. Whatever the case may be, they don't really sound too much like the RBM now. What they do sound like is a lot of alt-rock bands out there — driving, somewhat heavy guitars, along with a grooving rhythm section and decent vocals. They kind of reminded me of a heavier Our Lady Peace. They don't really sound like that, but that's what came to mind. Anyway, the music isn't anything that spectacular, but it isn't too bad either. They did appear at this year's Edgefest, which means that someone must like them. But then again, I didn't like any bands at Edgefest. Ah well. Anyway, if you haven't heard Finger Eleven but you do like Canadian quote-unquote alternative rock, oh Our Lady Peace and I Mother Earth, then this CD might be for you. If you don't; if the style doesn't "tug on your gigglin' chain" (which may mean that you have more interesting tastes) then leave this one on the shelf.

311, *Transistor* (Capricorn)

Sav Brar

There is one word that can sum up this release from the 311 kids — long. With 21 songs, clockin' in at about 31 million minutes, there is a whole lot of music on this CD. Maybe a little bit too much. Don't get me wrong...the music is pretty decent. 311 is one of those rare bands that get radio and MuchMusic airplay that actually have an interesting sound — a happy mix of reggae, hip-hop, metal and hardcore, with just a sprinkle of electronica thrown in for good measure. I enjoyed some of their previous releases (especially the song "Down") and anticipated great things, but was left somewhat disappointed. Some of the songs were catchy, others were interesting, but nothing really hit me. They had a good blend of stuff, going from harder stuff to real slow, groovy reggae songs, and one or two songs that kinda defy categorization. But again, there were no songs that left me wanting more. And the CD dragged on, song after unmemorable song, leaving me a wee bit exhausted. Some of you may like this, but it'll take a whole lotta' endurance.



Who The Hell Is Ben Harper?

Vinay Bhalla

"Who the hell is Ben Harper?" is a question frequently asked by those who stumble across this musical artist's work. Still fairly underground, Ben Harper is a side guitarist whose music encompasses elements of folk, blues, soul, jazz and funk. His third release, *The Will To Live*, is Harper's third with his band The Innocent Criminals.

Harper is renowned for his powerful lyrics and his majestic guitar riffs from his Weissenborn acoustic lap guitar; a guitar that was made back in the 1920's. Harper's passionate lyrics deal with the unnecessary complexities of the world today. He sings about humanity, cultural oppression, spiritual religion, the Earth and love. He addresses problems with modern society and ideology, and takes on an almost dark and depressing tone which can be further illustrated by glancing at his discography: *Welcome to the Cruel World* (1994), *Fight For Your Mind* (1995), and now *The Will To Live* (1997).

The Will to Live is quite mellow, like his first album *Welcome to the Cruel World*, as the folk element is strong in both. Harper experiments a little more on this album, which is made evident right off the bat with the opening rock anthem "Faded". The album then rolls into "Homeless Child" which is a solid blues track. Harper then unveils the funk and jazz towards the end with "Mama's Trippin'".

Harper is slowly but surely beginning to receive the attention and appreciation he so rightfully deserves. The first single "Faded" is now getting air time on local commercial radio stations such as 102.1 The Edge.

Beautifully powerful song writing abilities, a brilliantly gifted guitar playing technique combined with an amazing voice definitely make Ben Harper one of the coolest and most under appreciated musical artists out there. Take a little time and you too will wonder why people have to ask, "Who the hell is Ben Harper?"



Future Music Magazine

Constantine Stravako

Blimey! Another music magazine? 'Fraid not, mate.

Future Music is not your typical music magazine. This publication from foggy old England is much more than your typical pop music magazine full of pictures and ads. Future Music (FM) is packed with band profiles, reviews of commercial CDs and demos, and yes, technobabble about electronic music gear.

Now, if you wear a ten gallon hat and drive a big ol' white caddy with a pair of Texas longhorns on the hood, I'd wager my CD collection that this mag isn't for you. FM focuses on electronic music, or music made with electronic instruments that launch your hydro bill into a high orbit. Dance, techno, jungle, drum 'n bass, industrial, and electro are mainly what you'll find here. This is perhaps the finest publication for hardcore music lovers and musicians alike.

All of the gear is reviewed in a no-bullshit manner. It explains things so they make sense, not so some big music company confuses us into buying something that in reality sucks. The band profiles are cool and in depth - no stupid questions about new hairstyles. Everything is handled with a dry Brit humour that is refreshing in today's world of craazy Chris Shepard-type, in-your-face annoying garbage.

The price of the magazine is steep (usually around \$12) but you get a CD with EACH ISSUE. No, it's not some stupid mail order thing that takes three years to arrive, the disc comes packaged with each mag. Let me tell you something, the CDs are great. They all have a cool CD-ROM track full of weird stuff, plus some commercial tracks from good bands (Fluke, Underworld, Delerium) that you would have a hard time finding at HMV. Plus, there are a bunch of reader demos; imagine owning the demo of the next Prodigy! There are even songs written using the equipment that FM reviews that month. I'm running out of breath... plus some shazzy samples for you DJs and other musicians out there (rhythms, breaks, and other wacky sounds). Yes, FM is just fun for the whole family. Pick it up today at really big bookstores and specialty magazine shops.



Indies on the Web

The following are two incredible URLs to two incredible works of an Electronic/Industrial vein. The first is a various artists' compilation and the second is by an artist known as Mark 13. Cyberbabies, organized by Mike Welch, can be found at <http://members.aol.com/mikewelch/cyberbabies>.

Mark 13 and *Survivor* has its space on the web at <http://www.linear-records.com>. Find out more about these two works next month!

Duran Duran, Tribute Album: Release Date Oct. 7, 1997

Jenny Ellison

Okay, something really exciting happens to me when I listen to this album—my Tetris-playing abilities are heightened. I've been scoring about 1000 points higher than usual when I use this album as background music. Listening to Duran Duran and thereby heightening my ability to play Tetris while procrastinating has always been a personal goal. My life is certainly a little more exciting lately. Self interest aside, however, this is an entertaining album. It's not for those of you who frequent retro-nights on Adelaide Street—you should buy the original. I don't want to diminish the worth of the true Duran Duran; after all, they are the original stupid boys with bad haircuts from Britain (they beat out sicko Oasis by a good 15 years). You should understand that this album is a total departure from their style. It's not about Nick or Simon, or their eyeliner. It's about punk and ska and hardcore thrash versions of *A View to a Kill*. And I dig it.

Goldfinger's Rio is sweet. The verse is punk, the chorus is ska, and the song finishes off with a big fat screaming Guns N'Roses ending: "her name is Rio and she dances on the saaaaand". It left me begging for a little Sweet Child o' Mine. "Do dododo dododo do do" is a really popular lyric through Duran Duran's repertoire and Reel Big Fish gives this a nice twist in *Hungry Like a Wolf*. It's so money that you wouldn't fucking believe it (if you've seen the movie *Swingers* you'll think of this song).

I didn't really like Less Than Jake's version of *The Reflex*. There is a nice horn section in the chorus, and it's definitely thrashable, however it seemed as though the band couldn't think of



any other way to make the song their own other than to have the vocalist barf up the lyrics in a really ugly way. On the other hand, I was determined to hate River Fenix's version of *Ordinary World*, a 90's Duran Duran song that crossed the boundary between slick 80's pop and 90's lite rock cheese. However, the

alternative sound with the subtle and distinctive guitar chord of the chorus is cool. They even make what was a lucid, gross ending in the original version into a screaming, rolling drum beat slice of fun while calling out "every world is my world". *GOB's A View to a Kill*. I dig it. There is a little bit of a teaser at the beginning: the band reproduces a keyboard sound identical to the original, and then suddenly jump in with pure thrash. It's extremely intense. There are two versions of *Girls on Film* on the CD as well. In my opinion the original song isn't too great—it's too new wave. But these versions by Bjorn Again (think Swiss, blond, and blue sequined jump suits) and Wesley Wilson (sounds like he's singing underwater, but strangely, it works) are worthy.

Mr. T Experience (choice band name) perform *Is There Something*, a Duran Duran song which I don't even recognize because this version is totally 90's alternative rock. It sounds like something that you could pay eight bucks to hear at Lee's Palace. I'm not sure how I feel about that, so I'll just put that out there.

Clearly, I like this CD. It's the anti-Duran Duran album, and yet it is a fitting tribute to what the eighdes left branded on my impressionable thirteen year-old mind.

Damage Control, *Mercury Wanders Why* (Independent)

Stephen Scarlatto

Open to a mellow blues riff, toss in a Natalie Merchant-like chanteuse, add a smattering of the band's self-proclaimed Deep Purple influences and you have Damage Control. Hailing from North Carolina, DC is comprised with vocals by Stephanie Dudley, Kamil Sahinalp taming the guitar, Ken Denny tickling the ivories, Thomas Szyplowski (Ski) strumming Bass and Rich Cea pounding the drums.

Despite the similarities between the more international bands listed above, DC has a distinct style which is probably the result of its members having arrived from different training and stylistic backgrounds. The end result is like a metal band with a woman in control; softer, but only slightly, and no bad hair!

Though I'd hate to categorize a band like this, I think what you have here is the 70's revisited but with a more modern twist; each song has an individual appeal - there are different feels all over the disc. And, it is perhaps for this reason that no one I know, who has heard this disc, will agree on one particular favourite. But, since I'm the one writing, I'll give you my list.

The second song, *She's Drowning*, features the hardest of the guitar riffs and that combined with Dudley's voice provides a perfect contrast. *Little Girl Lost* is a somber lullaby featuring a wholly different feel - probably the slowest song on the whole disc. *Heal Me* follows, and it again is a new set of emotions; the pace is upbeat and optimistic.

The lyrics for all of the songs are thoughtful and consider such topics as the coming of age, self-contemplation and relationships. As for technical ability, this band is incredible! No three-chord dronings here! DC really can do a great deal of different sounds and each of them they do well.

And man, these guys even know how to promote! Besides the obvious airplay they get back at home they've even had sound-waves across Canada from BC to Newfoundland, and let's not forget Istanbul, Cambridge, Guam and the Philippines. Why is this band still indie?

Wanna hear it all for yourself? Drop Ski some e-mail at ski_nc@pipelining.com or visit the official website: http://www.pipeline.com/~ski_nc/dcontrol.html. And, for those of you still using that paper stuff, the snail is PO Box 3413 Cary, NC, USA 27519.



Mara's Torment, *Vanities* (Independent)

Milena Placentie

Though I hate to judge a book by its cover, (or a tape by its insert), I could tell from my immediate impressions of this haunting and mildly surreal art work that I was in for an aural treat. Rik calls his own work a new direction. Allow me to elaborate.

Vanities contrasts elements of the past and present to provide for a series of powerful experiments in minimalism. Over a dark mechanical hum, and the sounds of unearthly echoes, lies a solemn harmony reminiscent of the orient. This is not music to stomp to at a club, rather it is for contemplation and meditation. The opening, "Grind" sets the tone for the remainder of the eight-song cassette; atmospheric and certainly emotional, no lyrics are sung yet a certain pensive quality is communicated.

The second track, "Roses for Laura" offers further development of themes. Heavy bells, shrill synths, dark and slow bass lines. This music is certainly not for the average Carebear. "Harpsickle" picks up the pace with the introduction of a synthesized snare and staccato keyboards, but a soaring melody above consisting of darkly coloured chords maintains the mood as the song reaches its climax. "Burst" takes the artists' experimentation even further with the introduction of a greater variety of sampled sounds. The beat picks up and a Goth dance number is born! Side two immediately begins with a rapid pulse; though almost militaristic, the tones above are fluid.

For the most part this compilation chronicles the development of the artist which is emphasized through the increasingly complex synthesized drumming patterns. The songs are rather long which is cool, but the endings are sometimes underdeveloped, causing for an often abrupt leap into the song that follows. However, this can be overlooked rather easily when one considers the emotional content of each song.

This is the sort of album that one may not initially understand, but after a few listens, the meanings and the moods become more accessible. Each song is progressively better than the one preceding it. If one cannot relate to the work in its initial moments, I strongly suggest sitting, listening and permitting the works to come to you. Let it unfold itself for you.

Rik is currently in the process of working on two more releases:

one is new material in the same vein (tentatively titled *The Penny Collector*), and the second will contain remixes of the songs from both *Vanities* and *The Penny Collector* to be done with the assistance of another artist interested in giving Rik's work more of a Portishead-style. Trip-hop sound. The hope is to have them both out in time for Halloween, probably in cassette form, and maybe a CD by Winter Solstice. For further information, or to order a copy, contact Rik MacLean via e-mail torment@on-it.net or with snail mail to 2 Manning Ave #1, Toronto, Ontario, M6J 2K4



LAST BUT NOT LEAST...



Woah... this is pretty spun, huh? This is a creation by Carl Nixon, the father of Laura, Milena's manager. Way back when, Carl was with a band and this is an example of their promo posters (which Laura likes to colour in). Currently, out in Georgina Township, Carl paints surrealist works and is rather acclaimed for what he does. I just wanted to put this in because its cool!

brewculture

BRICK BREWING CO. LTD.: ONTARIO'S BREWING HUSTLER



Cass Enright

Normally I reserve brewery profiles in The Innis Herald for the most innovative and interesting breweries in Canada and the world. However, the Brick Brewery in Waterloo, not the most distinctive in terms of beers or styles, deserves recognition in Brewculture for its efforts in combating the clout of Molson and Labatt in the Ontario market. Since 1996, Brick has been acquiring rights to, and brewing, dozens of new beers, all under different labels, increasing their representation in Ontario beer stores. Many of their acquisitions and new beers are not all incredible from a connoisseur's perspective, but their most recent deal, with the Celis Brewery of Texas sparked me to investigate Brick and their brewing and business savvy. Brick was one of the first microbreweries in Ontario, founded in 1984 around the same time as Wellington County and Upper Canada. Whereas Wellington focused on producing ales, Brick specialized in lagers. Unfortunately the diversity of their beers did not match Wellington's. Their beers have been mainly bland, uninteresting lagers meant to appeal to the mainstream light beer drinker. These include Red Baron, Premium Lager, Pacific Real Draft, and Red Cap. They also make two slightly darker lagers, Amber Dry and the reasonably tasty Waterloo Dark, the beer which fuelled me through second year. However, Brick does make a very good interpretation of a unique lager style in their Anniversary Bock. Each batch is dated on the label and one bottle per six pack is dipped in red wax. A seasonal beer only available during the winter months, the Anniversary Bock and Upper Canada's True Bock are Ontario's finest dark winter bocks. Overall, Brick's core line has one great beer, and a bunch of very drinkable and affordable lagers. However, it is through Brick's business of acquisition that they have bulked up their portfolio with some truly fine brews, including their first venture into ales.

Brick's first acquisition was many years ago, an exclusive deal to brew and distribute Germany's Henninger Kaiser Pils in Ontario. This beer, coupled with their core brands, formed Brick's portfolio for years, up until 1996. That was when the president and founder of the brewery, Jim Brickman, enacted a very aggressive growth strategy. Brick has since gone buying mad with new beers and breweries. One of their first moves was acquiring the rights to all Connors brands, a respected but troubled Ontario brewery. Connors produces a lager, a dark ale, an imperial stout, and a wonderful Best Bitter, a beer that few probably know is now a Brick beer. Accompanying Connors was the importing rights to Samuel Adams Boston Lager from Massachusetts. In February, 1997, Brick acquired all the Laker brands from Molson. Laker has a standard bland lineup of lagers (Lager, Dry, Ice, Light, Strong (yeech!)). In March, Brick sealed an agreement to brew Andechs Spezial pale lager from an isolated brewing monastery in Germany. I tried this beer at the Toronto beer festival, and, however drinkable, it is not of the quality of other brewing monasteries in Europe. This past summer, Brick purchased the Northern Algonquin brewery, attached all Algonquin and Formosa brands (including Black & Tan, Algonquin Honey Brown, Royal Amber Lager, Special Reserve Dark, and the tasty Formosa Bavarian Bock). So far, Brick has been very busy purchasing beers and bulking up their portfolio. However, the most exciting manoeuvre occurred in September: the acquisition of Celis White.



Pierre Celis is a native Belgian brewer, who revived the white (Blanche) style in Belgium years ago with the Hoegaarden brewery. The Belgian White style is a very distinctive wheat beer, usually cloudy and spiced, giving it the refreshing quality of a traditional wheat yet the flavourfulness of any good brew. This is a rare style not only in North America but the world: the first white beer produced in North America is Unibroue's Blanche de Chambly, an excellent interpretation of the style, available locally. When Celis' Hoegaarden brewery was bought by Interbrew, he left Belgium for

Austin, Texas, to start a new brewery, naming it after himself. He used his skill in white beer brewing to create a new Celis White, one of the U.S.'s first and most respected blanches. Celis, however, has a tendency of selling out and his brewery is now owned by Miller. I do not think this ownership change has diminished the quality of the beer, though. This beer, Celis White, has been acquired by Brick to produce and distribute in Ontario. This is arguably the finest move Brick has made so far. I have never tried this beer, but it is widely praised as one of America's finest. I am greatly looking forward, as should you, to sampling Brick's newest brew as it is now in Beer Stores!

Brick is an interesting microbrewery in the Ontario marketplace. It is hard to get a read on what exactly Brick wants to do in the industry. Whereas Sleeman wants to grow by focusing on their few core brands, Brick wants to buy everything and grow by having as many brands to choose from as Labatt and Molson. Many people who frequent Connors, Formosa, Sam Adams and other beers probably do not know they all come from the same brewery. I respect Brick in their aggressiveness in Ontario, muscling their way to a market share. Perhaps when Brick has reached a breathing point in acquisitions they might want to trim off some of their lame brews (how many Premium Drafts does one brewery need!) and develop a suitable portfolio of interesting beers (their three bocks, Connors Best Bitter, Celis White, etc.) and popular mainstream lagers (Waterloo Dark and Red Baron). It is hard to say what Brick might do next, but hopefully they will continue to bring in more selection to Ontario beer connoisseurs.

The Innis Beer Connoisseurs Society is coming! Our first event will be sometime after the Budget Meeting, Wednesday, October 8. Watch for posters in the College and the Residence! Good beer is coming to Innis!

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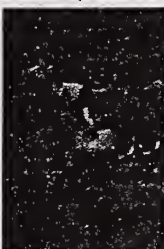
HOW TO APPRECIATE A FINE BEER

Cass Enright

There are many ways to appreciate beer, and almost every person has an individual ritual. To some, appreciation takes its form in mass consumption. A twofour of a familiar brand on a weekend might be heavenly to some, or a few bottles of never before tried brews might be great to others. Whatever your ritual might be for appreciating beer, if it suits your tastes, wonderful. However, some of you may be thinking (as I did many years ago) that there must be more to beer. A repetitive beer lifestyle can develop over the years, without much experimentation and savouring. For those of you who are seeking to discover the world of beer, you are reading the correct article. I will describe how to really enjoy a fine beer. From glass selection, to appearance, aroma, taste and aftertaste, there are many components that comprise a beer appreciation ritual. Refine this ritual as you wish - it always comes down to drinking and enjoying the brews themselves - but much satisfaction can be gained by savouring a beer from every aspect, just as you would a classic work of literature or art, or a beautiful member of the opposite sex.

With the wide selection of beers available, one must consider mood and season when choosing beers. Different moods warrant different beer styles, such as a wine-like fruit ale or a complex Belgian ale for a romantic dinner, a wheat or a lager for refreshment, or a porter or stout for a manly (or womanly) night of drink with the boys (girls). Also, the season warrants careful selection. Perhaps a thirst-quenching Blanche de Chambly while sitting under the sun of summer? A strong Chimay Red, port-like Samichlaus or a [70 degree] mulled Quelque Chose for sipping in front of the fire in winter? The peaty, whisky-malt brewed Rafterman or a specialty Oktoberfest ale during cool fall? Or a smooth, refreshing yet powerful Niagara Falls Eisbock celebrating the end of winter and the approaching spring? As you taste more beers, you will realize that different tastes and styles of beer tend to complement moods and seasons. Experiment with beers. I assure you that you will not be disappointed.

Firstly you must purchase the beers. The best places for beer selection in the city are LCBO (Liquor) Stores. Their quality of selection fluctuates, but keep checking in often. The LCBO cares about beer quality (unlike the Beer Store) and brings in interesting beers from throughout Canada and the world, including, at times, some true classics. The LCBO sells their beer in individual bottles, very reasonably priced (compared to wine) and in different sizes. The closest LCBOs to campus are in the Manulife Centre and Hazelton Lanes (a Vintages outlet, the LCBO's premium service).



Before drinking, the beer must be at its optimum temperature. Light lagers and ales and wheats tend to be served chilled (7-90), whereas darker ales and traditional English bitters should be served warmer (10-13). The correct temperature will bring out the full flavours of the beer.

Next, the right glass is essential for full enjoyment. Drinking a fine beer out of a bottle is criminal, as the aroma, appearance and much of the flavour is diminished or erased. White, Weiss and Pilsner beers warrant a tall, stemmed, extended tulip glass, so as to accentuate its golden colour with exposure to light. A Lambic or similar wine-like fruit ale deserves a flute, to house its champagne-like qualities. Strong Belgian ales, barley wines and similar winter beers need a brandy snifter, allowing for optimal aroma enjoyment and fireside sipping. Hearty ales, stouts and porters deserve a strong goblet, from which the nectar can

be enjoyably gulped.

Pour the beer into the tilted glass, straightening up to create a suitable head ("2 fingers" worth). Unfortunately there is no single way to enjoy all beers. Each beer style possesses its own characteristics, leaving no easy way to explain beer appreciation. The colour is important - the golden haze of La Fin du Monde is tempting, as is the blackness of a Niagara Falls Brock's Extra Stout. Look for the subtleties of colour, realizing their origin. A wheat beer will be very pale, due to its wheat and lightly cooked malt. A stout or porter, however, will be opaque due to its near-burned malts. The colours of beers cannot be cross-compared. As you sample more beers, you will develop an eye for colours of different beer styles, all very appetizing. The aroma of the beer is very important. Pay attention to the



discrete aromatics present, perhaps a flowery nose in a crisp lager, hoppy in a bitter, malty in a dark ale, fruity in a Belgian ale.

After these two senses are satisfied, the most important one comes next - the taste. Allow the beer to wander throughout your mouth, touching base with all the sensors on your tongue. Savour the brew, identifying possible flavours: hoppy, bitter, herbal, malty, sweet (sugar? chocolate? honey?), spicy, coffeeish, roasty (burnt? smoked? peaty?), fruity (apples? cherries? peaches? bananas?), sour, dry, and so on, all of these possible throughout the style spectrum. There is so much to the flavour of beer rather than "drinkable." Do not be intimidated. Enjoy as much beer as you can try (and afford).

Finally, the aftertaste. Beers do possess them, and they are important to the overall enjoyment of them. Allow the beer to slide down your throat and for the finishing flavours to echo. Perhaps a brand new flavour will emerge, complementing or contrasting the primary ones. The finish will entice your mouth back to the glass.

Beers are to be enjoyed. Let it not be a solitary activity; organize a tasting with your friends and appreciate a series of fine brews. Or better yet, come out to the Innis Beer Connoisseurs Society, where Innisites come together for the merits of tasting and talking. As Michael Jackson notes in his book, *The New World Guide to Beer*, "Unaccustomed drinkers can pronounce: 'That beer tasted funny. Sort of bitter.' They have probably just encountered a classic." Experiment with new beers. You will be surprised and pleased.

Photos from Unibroue Inc.'s wonderful website, www.unibroue.com. It is a great source for beer enlightenment information.

More than ten great locally-available beers to start you off:

1. Unibroue's Blanche de Chambly, La Maudite and La Fin du Monde • 2. Denison's Weizen (a brewpub, 75 Victoria St., Toronto) • 3. Chimay Red (Belgium) • 4. Duvel (Belgium) • 5. Schneider Aventinus (Germany) • 6. Pilsner Urquell (Czech Republic) • 7. Marston's Pedigree (England) • 8. Niagara Falls' Eisbock, Brock's Extra Stout and Apple Ale • 9. Lindeman's Kriek and Framboise (Belgium)

(I will not explain these beers. Seek them out and discover them for yourself.)



TRIVIA

(call the Herald at 978-4748 with answers for prizes!)

- Jeremy Bulloch plays two roles in TESB. Name them.
- Is there a Rodian in ROTJ?
- Where does the Rebel fleet gather before the attack on the Death Star in ROTJ?
- Which is better, Star Wars or Battlestar Galactica?

We think *Return of the Jedi* is the worst film of the Star Wars trilogy. Here are a few reasons why:

THE ORIGINAL ENDING OF JEDI

Cass Enright

"I just got a funny feeling. Like I'm not going to see her again." This line, uttered by Han Solo in *Return of the Jedi*, seems to be a relatively meaningless statement in the film. However, Solo is foreshadowing to the original ending of ROTJ, where Lando Calrissian and the Millennium Falcon blow up with the Death Star. The original ending to the film, if it had been left in the film, would have made ROTJ more dramatically effective and respectable. The commercial success of the series prevented George Lucas from following through with his original ideas for the film.

As originally scripted in ROTJ, the Falcon was to perish, containing notable passengers Lando Calrissian and Nien Numb during the final fight at the climax. Lando was the only important character on the Falcon. The ending was shot, and edited into a cut of the film. A description of ROTJ's original ending is as follows: As the Falcon manoeuvres its way away from the collapsing reactor, Lando turns to Nien Numb and shakes his head. "Wedge, I don't think we're going to make it," he says into his comlink. Reassurance is given by Wedge, but Lando says to himself, "I promised to return his ship without a scratch...I sure hope that old pirate forgives me." Wedge and his X-Wing make it out of the Death Star, but the Falcon explodes "in a supernova of glory."

Han Solo is often considered to be a shady, unfeeling pirate. It is the original ending of ROTJ, however cheesy it may be, that demonstrates his humanity. The foreshadowing by Han earlier in the film accentuates his love for his ship, praying to Lando not to damage it. Little care is displayed for Lando, just his ship. It is in the original ending, after the Rebels see the Death Star explode that "All except Han cheer, as the thirty-year-old starship pilot feels a deep personal loss." Han whispers to himself, "Lando..." It was middle-class America that nixed this ending.

Often films are screened during pre-release to a group of "average" citizens, their faces videotaped and reactions chronicled in an attempt to extrapolate the success of the film in the "most important market in the world": semi-urban and rural America. The test screenings garnered a negative response to the ending, so it was reshot, to what you know it is today. The scene where Han foreshadows to the true ending still exists in the film, but it points to nothing. Unfortunately, the original ending, a key to adding respectability to the character of Han Solo and to ROTJ itself, is forever locked in the vaults of Lucasfilm.

THE CHARACTER ASSASSINATION OF BOBA FETT

Joel Schuster

Boba Fett, the enigmatic bounty hunter introduced in *The Empire Strikes Back*, is one of the most intriguing characters in the film. Although the audience learns little of him within the context of the film, a lot of hype was put into his character before *Empire* ever came out: for example, he was sold as a mail-order Kenner action figure, and made a central appearance in the cartoon within the Star Wars Christmas special.



Boba could have avoided this...

Once *Empire* hit theatres, Fett was seen as a mysterious dude who got the job done. He is part of the special bounty hunter task force gathered by Darth Vader himself, showing him to be one of the best bounty hunters in the galaxy. In fact, he's probably the best: he's the only hunter to whom Darth Vader speaks (saying "no disintegrations"). He is the one who captures Han Solo, and does it in a way somewhat alien to the film. He does not shoot him, engage in a high-speed chase, or any of that crap. He silently tracks him to Cloud City, calls in the big guns, and waits until Solo is put into carbonite. Then, without being overly cruel or laying traps for rebels, he just leaves, after first exchanging a few shots with Luke Skywalker (primarily to cover his escape rather than to try to kill him). Fett captures the man that the entire Imperial Fleet couldn't, and is kept such a mystery that

his name isn't even mentioned within the *Empire Strikes Back*!

In *Return of the Jedi*, Boba Fett is no longer a mysterious professional. Instead he lounges around Jabba the Hutt's palace, presumably on retainer or something. This is compounded by the Special Editions, where Boba Fett comes with Jabba to muscle Han in *A New Hope*. And, the new shots of him livin' it up with the dancing girls in Jabba's palace in *Jedi* demonstrate him to be somewhat less than a no-nonsense professional.

Furthermore, when Boba Fett sees R2D2 moving to the roof of Jabba's sail barge (unexpected behaviour from a drink server), he doesn't do anything about it. This displays an unthinking Boba, because the first movie established that droids who are likely to act up should have their memories erased - strange that this wouldn't have happened to the droids. Anyway, the final character assassination comes when Boba Fett fights with the Rebels on the skiff over the Sarlacc pit. He is incompetent in dealing with a fledgling Jedi, even though he wears Mandalore battle armour, indicating that he may be one of the warriors who fought against the Jedi in the Clone Wars. He jumps to the skiff to shoot Luke (only to have his gun cut by a lightsaber) - when this could have been easily done from the sail barge's roof.

Lastly, his death is the worst, as Han mistakenly bumps him, causing the jet to misfire. With a pathetic scream, Fett drops into the pit, reducing him to cardboard comic relief. Boba Fett, is an interesting guy whose character is assassinated just like he is: pathetically.

LANDO LOSES HIS COOL

Joel Schuster

Return of the Jedi drops the *Empire* ball in too many big ways, but one of the biggest is the character assassination of Lando Calrissian. In *Empire*, Lando is a multi-layered character, and in *Jedi* he turns into a cardboard piece of crap.

In *The Empire Strikes Back*, Calrissian cons his friends. He lets them stay in his city just long enough for the Empire to catch and torture them. Meanwhile, he attempts to seduce princess Leia, although it appears that Han Solo and her may be together - at least you'd think he'd ask - made worse by the fact that Lando and Vader made a deal to keep Leia in Bespin with him! He is not a straight-forward good guy or bad guy.

Instead, his character is divided between helping his friends, himself, and Cloud City's inhabitants who have come to rely on him. Lando only becomes a "good guy" when Vader significantly alters the deal to prove to Calrissian that he's not going to win from the arrangement. It was probably not Lando's original plan to help the rebels, as is proven by the fact that he only switches sides once Han Solo is captured & frozen in carbonite - a process that could have killed him.

In *Return of the Jedi*, all of Lando's interesting character traits disappear. Here, he seems to flip-flop into an "all-good" character, mysteriously losing his shadiness and adopting a morality that was practically non-existent in *TESB*. Lando always cared for himself first in *Empire*, but in *Jedi* he develops a love for the Rebellion's cause, going undercover in Jabba's Palace and going up against the Death Star in the final fight.

These examples contradict the impression of Lando that *Empire* gives its audience. In *Empire*, Lando tries to screw the rebels, and helps them when his deal with the enemy gets significantly bad to warrant it. He is a profiteer, who would rather help himself than his friends. This is a character whose potential could have taken him anywhere in *Jedi*. This potential was completely squandered in the third film, and he was turned into just another stock character. In the end, Lando Calrissian's character assassination is just another reason why the *Return of the Jedi* sucks my choda.

Star Wars Trilogy Update

- the filming of Episode I is well underway, but has been delayed by a set-destroying sandstorm. A similar tragedy occurred while *A New Hope* was being filmed in 1976. George considers this as a good omen.
- Plot speculations: the rise of Senator Palpatine to the position of Emperor; attack of the Mandalorians on the Jedi in the Clone Wars - watch for Boba Fett as an enemy; the transformation of Anakin Skywalker into Darth Vader, and the fight with Obi-Wan Kenobi that left him so disfigured he needed a breath mask
- Possible characters to make an appearance: Jabba the Hutt; Governor Tarkin; Captain Antilles; Bail Organa; Chewbacca and possibly a very young Han Solo

STAR WARS MONOPOLY - THE REAL STORY

Virtual Violet

To commemorate the rebirth of the Star Wars Trilogy, Parker Brothers has developed a new and improved Monopoly edition which is completely centered around the Star Wars legend. Not only can you choose which character you will crusade as, but you also have many opportunities to purchase your favourite properties such as Ewok Village or the swamp and Yoda's Hut in the Dagobah system! This is the perfect chance to turn your Star Wars dreams into a reality... or nightmare, if you lose unceremoniously.

This game contains many adapted features such as Star Wars character tokens. There are eight pewter tokens and you can choose to be with "The Force" or with the Galactic Empire - e.g. such bad guys as the dreaded Darth Vader, nasty Boba Fett, or a dimwitted Stormtrooper. As the game manual so aptly states it, "Rebels... or Imperials... who will control the galaxy?"

While some features are different than the standard Monopoly game in order to adhere to the Star Wars theme, this edition still contains everything you would expect from the good ol' Monopoly game such as a jail, "chance" and "community chest" cards, and the opportunity to buy and sell properties at your discretion... and of course, the opportunity to pay rent to other players!

When you pick up a card you may be told to "travel through space to face your destiny", or even to "let the Wookiee win!" Here is a helpful hint: avoid getting a Landspeeder license, unless your buddy "Obi-wan Kenobi" leaves you \$100. You may even collect \$100 due to the maturation of the Ewok Light Festival Fund [Ed. Note: Interestingly, the Wookies have a "Festival of Light" too. More proof that Wookies turned into cuddly Ewoks to water down *Return of the Jedi*]. Instead of buying utilities, you may obtain fights to the Millennium Falcon, X-Wing Factor, Reactor Core, Star Destroyer, or Tie Fighter. Replacing those boring little green houses and red hotels are funky little Corellian freighters and Star Destroyers to stake your claim.

Costing about \$50 bucks, this game may be a little pricey for some students to buy. If this is you, just seek out a friend who already owns the game (i.e. Mike on the fifth floor of Innis Residence) and play Star Wars Monopoly to your heart's content. It will provide hours of entertainment and enjoyment, especially if you manage to buy many properties at the earliest opportunities, or if you collect mucho Star Bucks with which to steal every other player's assets! Lie, cheat, steal... or play like a goodie-goodie. Also, don't forget to set a time limit unless you don't mind playing the game for an eternity. And now, just a final few words: "May the force be with you!"

TORONTO INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL 1997

This article is made up of excerpts of the entire "Ten Day Junky '97". For information on the full article, or articles from previous years, contact The Innis Herald, or shine@interlog.com

Ten Day Junky is an annual article, written out of the murky depths of a Toronto Film Festival obsession. Shattering the standards of conventional journalism, it is a totally subjective view of, not only the films, but also the culture of the Festival itself. The Festival is far more than films, or stars, or sickening, hob-nobbing parties. It's simply the most miraculous event to take place in this city... and now you can read why...



Ian & Ruth in The Fat Line, 4mm - very thirsty!

Four straight hours of my standard run-down, plus one-upping my usual tactics by pre-scheduling forty films. I normally let it all ride until the ticket drop-off line, which technically affords enough time to ponder the final design on my Festival experience... that's as a theory, anyway. The fact is, there are always the normal distractions of downtown Toronto, people in line I need to talk to, people in line I'm trying desperately to avoid or ignore... all in all, I often wind up with the shakes, breaking out in a cold sweat,

pulling at the skin on my lower jaw, and trying to make some modicum of sense out of the bloody thing. At this point, I can't see any good in getting myself that worked up, when there's still a week to go before things get rolling. That's catching the wave too early. Terrible for surfers. Deadly for Festival-addicts...

...I'm quite probably looking at a long and very lonely wait tonight. Fucking Hell. Why can't this ever be simple?...

Anyhow, the line-up itself is always a hazy thing. I recall being quite clear-headed at the time, but the experience of sitting on a bench through a sunset, dead-of-night and a sunrise usually plays funny tricks on the brain. All I have are some odd notes, scrawled throughout the course of the evening/morning:

- Box office woman setting sign already knows my name. Very ugly. They've got my number now, but the serious shit hasn't even come down yet. Have her killed.
- Why are such a strong percentage of the early line-up folks social rejects? Am I this bad? They're ruining my image. Have them killed...
- The Return of Sam "Steel" Agro. Thank God. Do not have him killed.
- Matthew Price threatens owner of W.C. Fields Bar & Grill with putting out the bad word on his joint. Why bother? 90% of restaurant owners up and down this whole strip are petty, abrasive little cigar-smoking monsters with the eyes of a wife-beater. Can't judge a restaurant by its owner...
- Raw fear, watching the tail of the line round the corner and move past us. Freaks behind me turn into a pack of days-dry baboons, scraping for last vestiges of water from tree bark. Mad screaming and flailing limbs, hurried glances in every direction, breakdown of social hierarchy and civilized behaviour. If box office staff doesn't fucking do something soon, the front of this line will be proudly represented by little more than a bloody stain stretching across Cumberland Ave. Thank God I'm armed.
- Box office man with creepy, sharp features- high cheekbones and hollowed cheeks, vicious cat-eyes, spreading grin like a knife wound tearing open- points at me and says "You're the man. The first. The man who doesn't sleep."
- Yeah. The original lost boy...

Day 1 - Film 1

THE SWEET HEREAFTER -- Dir: Atom Egoyan...

Mike and I plant ourselves (where else) in the front row of the Uptown 1. Now that's the way to kick off. Right up at the Uptown 1 is like an uncut hit from God to a Festival addict. This feels right. Last year cracked out of the gate like a Chevette. This year, it's like a DeLorean. Gathering force, like the wet air and distant rumble of an approaching storm and a burning coil of anxiety in the pit of my stomach. Thank Christ I feel like this now, because it's all downhill from here.

Now, on the subject of THE SWEET HEREAFTER... first off, there are characters. I mean, deep, rich, solid, fully fleshed-out characters- with backgrounds and subtext and everything. You want to see what they're going to do next, and they do it with real, emotional response. You want to know what brought them to this point, and are rewarded with established history and clearly defined motivation. So, congratulations to Egoyan on the rather non-Canadian cinematic approach.

Secondly, Egoyan uses a non-linear narrative for this film, which I love. (Sick) Matthew & Sam, (front) Peter & Dave - The Fat Line, 4mm. It's a little awkward at times, but overall, a well-executed technique.

The gist of THE SWEET HEREAFTER surrounds a bus- one which drove the children of a small, rural community to and from school. Writing with tense is difficult at this point as, as I said before, the film's timeline is all over the map. Regardless, the bus met with a horrible accident, killing the children. Now a righteous, borderline ambulance-chasing lawyer (Ian Holm) is seeking civil compensation on behalf of the community. The actual scene with the bus accident is completely gripping in such a subtle, non-Hollywood way. Tears your fucking heart out. The film's overall structure is another toughie, as it comes from so many angles: the lawyer's interviews with the local families, the townsfolk's memories, their seemingly unconnected personal lives, third party fly-on-the-wall, etc.

Basically, THE SWEET HEREAFTER is an intricately layered, fully textured, well thought-out, wonderfully crafted, superbly acted film. Mike thinks the film's way too commercial, but he liked THE ADJUSTER...

... wait, I can actually feel my hair growing...

Day 2 - Film 4

OFFICE KILLER -- Dir: Cindy Sherman

Would you be disappointed if I said as little as possible on the subject? For what it was, OFFICE KILLER was entertaining. A socially inept copy editor for a slick magazine gets

forced into the home-office set up, due to downsizing. Then she goes on a killing rampage against most of her co-workers. It kind-of drags, but has some genuinely neat twists and moments... but all-in-all, I came away trying to remind myself that Carol Kane is actually much funnier than that.

I don't know, I'm a bit disillusioned. The Midnight Madness selection used to be about high-quality, offbeat cinema... they were aristocratically par with all your CARRINGTONs and JUDOU, but without all the old women in the crowd. They would not only push the standards of film, but also reinvent the ways in which one could reinvent, revision, deconstruct, devolve or evolve contemporary cinema...

Day 5 - Film 1

HEAVEN'S BURNING -- Dir: Craig Lahiff

It's an Australian road movie. Or it's an Australian comedy. Or it's an Australian romance. You know, there's a reason why you've never heard of two of these three genres.

Okay, that's being unreasonably cruel. The comedy in HEAVEN'S BURNING is actually funny, but the romance is a really unfortunate attempt. I'm going to give some things away here, but the romantic aspects of the film start around the middle, and build exponentially. By the end, the two leads are laying side-by-side after a car accident- destined to be together in death- and the whole thing is so heavy-handed and cheesy, my girlfriend and I are rolling across the sticky concrete floor in fits of laughing hysteria. Something tells me this is not what the director intended. Maybe it's just me.

The plot's a little convoluted, but essentially, a Japanese bride high-tails it from her overly proper husband during their honeymoon in Sydney, and gets caught up in a bank heist. She's taken hostage, and the getaway driver with a heart of gold takes her from the evil, scumbag bank robbers. What ensues is a substantial car chase across Australia, with our protagonists being chased by law-enforcement, the woman's now-maniacal husband, and the associates of the bank robbers. It's all kind of old hat, but there are some genuinely nice aspects to this film... none are coming immediately to mind, but I recall them being there at the time...

Day 6 - Film 3

SICK: THE LIFE AND DEATH OF BOB FLANAGAN, SUPERMASOCHIST -- Dir: Kirby Dick...

Trevor is armed with a one-shot mace canister, and Adrian's getting a knife straight from DUSK TILL DAWN for next year's run. Wonderful. It's bad enough, the edge I'm riding on, but now I've convinced a pack of psychotics with too much time on their hands to follow my example. Ah well. As long as they don't turn on their creator, things won't have to get excessively ugly.

Speaking of excessively ugly, SICK is... well, it would be irresponsible to cast this film off as only that. I mean, it is sick, and fairly ugly, but it's also far, far more. Bob Flanagan, during his life, existed perpetually in both voluntary and involuntary pain, being both a masochist, as well as a victim of Cystic Fibrosis. He's a funny, tragic, intense artist with an odd (yet forceful) example to set for sufferers of terminal, chronic illness. The power of Flanagan as a great man, and his humanity as a small one, carries this low-grade documentary in ways one might hardly anticipate. You get to watch the man at the heights of his pained form of hedonism, all the way down to the spark dying shortly before his death. And yes, with such images as a nail hammered clear through the head of Flanagan's penis (in all its rich, close-up, frame-filling horror), this is not a film for the weak of anything...

Day 7 - Film 2

LOVE AND DEATH ON LONG ISLAND -- Dir: Richard Kwietniowski...

LOVE AND DEATH is about a widowed, British author (John Hurt), living behind the walls of technological-age ignorance. His friends and associates are badgering him to write for film, as so many of his peers have. He decides to take in a filmed adaptation of an E.M. Forster novel, but winds up instead walking smack into the middle of "Hot College 2", a teeny-bopper babe-fest flick. At once, he's prepared to walk out of the theatre, but suddenly finds himself entranced by one of the actors on the screen, played by Jason Priestly. Homosexual passions awaken in him, and he begins an obsessive hunt for this Tiger Beat star. Now, it's an odd experience, watching an actor of the calibre of John Hurt work beside someone as calibre-free as Jason Priestly. Even more odd is watching a brief flash near the end where Priestly actually stirs up some tangible acting for a genuinely moving moment. If you can swallow the slight weakness of the initial concept, the film presents itself as a quaint and gentle piece that moves along nicely, with consistent humour.

I hate to harp on this Priestly thing, but it's really getting to me. LOVE AND DEATH makes some rather searing indictments about a career such as Priestly's; a potential performing talent locked away behind the vast, blank walls of the L.A. television scene (where representation of "real life" is as warm to the touch as a fluorescent light bulb). You have to wonder if Priestly yearns, as his character does, for taking the rude, vile-smelling acing bull by the horns and giving it a serious ride to remember. If so, this is a strangely self-referential film for him, and shows some unbelievably deep honesty and self-admission. If not, and he did indeed walk through LOVE AND DEATH with his usual Styrofoam smile, did any of the words in this script give him long nights of insomnia, re-assessing the flimsy fabric of his career?

I remember the definitive moments on set, when I asked myself those same, dark questions. The answers came, and I watched as eleven years in the professional television industry were reduced to so much piss in the wind...

Day 8 - Film 3

FIREWORKS -- Dir: Takeshi Kitano

Two cappuccinos in a fifteen minute span... that mixing with a few hits off the flask of gin, I want an absolute maximum of foreign chemicals at play in my system for the next show. It's a "date" with my girlfriend for "Beat" Takeshi Kitano's new film... if anyone reading this has ever actually taken in a Kitano film, you'll know why I'm on my knees outside the Uptown, fingers interlaced and pressed feverishly against my forehead, begging God to get our relationship through one more, tiny little test.

Now, that's not to say his films are bad. That would be a strong misinterpretation. It's just that Kitano tends to present a genuine... yes, challenge... yes, challenge, to his audience.

There's something vaguely stream-of-consciousness about FIREWORKS- but then, I often feel that in Kitano's films. It uses a bizarre mixture of dry or dark humour, desperate human passion and emotion, and inhuman violence, that always explodes suddenly and with desired shock. That stream-of-consciousness feeling seems to stem out of one's disorientation, being carried so seamlessly between such contrasting ideas. And I'm already messed up over the film I just saw. There is one main story which branches down two lines: Horibe, a cop, persuades his fellow officer Nishi to leave the scene of a stakeout so that he may visit his mortally ill wife. In the ensuing incident, Horibe is crippled in the field, and is forced to find for himself a reason to continue life. The other branch stars Kitano as Nishi, and follows his attempts to cope with his wife's illness- eventually through a "by any means necessary" vacation. FIREWORKS is a wonderful balance of all its elements, and includes wonderful acting and a starkly crisp visual sense. Kitano's use of violence is fascinating, since it is set in such an unusual context, and so contains all the horror and shock which it- as in life and as a cinematic tool- ought to do. Unfortunately, this fucking woman in the seats behind decides to yap, yap, yap during the

Cont'd on the next page

TORONTO INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL 1997

Film Fest 97

Steve Richman

climax of the Goddamn film...

... suffice it to say, Kitano's quiet machismo violence fits are extremely infectious. Oh, my girlfriend winds up loving the film. Loves me even more for not loving fucking women who yap, yap, yap during the climax of the Goddamn film...

Day 9 - Film 1

FUDOH: THE NEW GENERATION -- Dir: Takashi Miike

I had some hope, some minuscule thread of prayer that sitting through an hour and forty minutes of high-end Japanese violence would cure me... which doesn't seem so odd a notion if you've seen a Shinya Tsukamoto film at 9:00 a.m.

Despite FUDOH's inability to cure me, it's one hell of a bit of Manga-gone-film; an katana-toting yakuza heir apparent, tattooed in the blood of his dead brother, a female bodyguard obsessed with sub-machine guns, another who fires darts at deadly speed from her groin, all of them high school students and all of it under the heavy blanket of my growing delirium. This is a far better way to open such a vicious day than my originally scheduled MRS. DALLOWAY. I think the last thing I could tolerate today is something British and nice.

I suppose it's necessary to do some modicum of an overview for FUDOH, so here goes: Japanese people kill each other.

A lot....

"Good evening Mr. Thrasher. How are you tonight?"

Everything falls. I don't know if I'm coming or going anymore. My body's drawn to a quick halt, and I slowly turn my head to size up this guy I used to go to high school with, perched outside the glistening arch in a three-piece suit and standard bouncer stance. This is fucking rich. But keep playing calm. Nobody important ever really cares.

"Excellent, Jason. Thank-you."

"Glad to hear. If you would please come right in?"

Christ on a bike. The red-carpet treatment in the place of red carpets, The Rosewater. I can barely believe we even made it to the street, let alone an open-armed welcome into this pit of snakes. Luckily, the rest of the Festival elite hasn't swarmed yet, so we cut quickly to a back table and order two rounds straight away. No need to pussy around anymore. Just ride this storm out nicely and quietly drunk until the high wears off. Because it's going to be a long walk out of here, through the white-white, post-Festival elite, packing around the bar like reservoir dogs, dying for that last lick of water from a filthy puddle.

And it will be a longer time until the storm gathers once more.

Sunny Thrasher is a freelance many-things; amongst them, a film and theatre technician, as well as a graphic designer. He considers himself the Anti-Press, railing against the insufficiency of ordinary film press to capture the true spirit of his annual obsession, The Toronto International Film Festival.

4 Little Girls helps to defuse the Bomb of Racism

Michelle Skop

Every year I indulge in a little bit of culture at the Toronto International Film Festival. As a lover of foreign and "arty" films, I see the festival as an opportunity to watch a Fellini film that is yet to be discovered by the movie masses.

This year, instead of looking through the book and ordering tickets, I bought a few from a friend who ordered more tickets than she had time for. Consequently, I did not have control over which movies I was seeing, and the fear of wasting my time on a flop loomed in the back of my mind. However, I was pleasantly surprised to view 4 Little Girls, Spike Lee's documentary about the 1963 church bombing in Birmingham Alabama.

Despite the heat, line-up stretching around the block and one hour delay, the atmosphere in the Uptown theatre, which holds approximately 1000 seats, was high-spirited, as people clapped their hands in anticipation for Spike Lee's presence.

4 Little Girls is a mosaic of interviews with family members and politicians, film footage, and photographs woven together to explain the events surrounding the bombing of the Sixteenth Street Baptist Church. The family members and friends of the four victims describe the racial tensions of Birmingham in 1963, when segregation and racial oppression divided the city between black and white, the fight for freedom and ignorance. They remember how blacks could not eat in the same restaurants, use the same water fountains and washrooms as white people. Martin Luther King Jr. came to the city to help organize rallies and marches. The church was targeted during Sunday school because teenagers had been participating in the marches.

One family member explains that racists do not care about their victims, they only care about the message they are sending; they do not see faces, only motives. Lee's documentary is extremely powerful because he reverses this mentality: he portrays the girls' lives through memories of their unique personalities, their laughter, their dolls. Lee struck a chord with the teary audience by giving us an intimate view of innocent people whose lives were plagued by a senseless tragedy.

Lee showed how Birmingham's politics were controlled by underlying racial biases. He uses a tone of irony to make the solemn and "sincere" politicians lose their credibility. For example, a politician's voice describing how Birmingham is a wonderful place to raise a family is juxtaposed with footage of the Ku Klux Klan marching through the streets. Moreover, in an interview, George Wallace, the former Governor of Alabama and an active supporter of segregation, attempts to cover up his overt racism by repeatedly insisting that "his best friend, whom he could never live without, is black". The irony of the matter is that his "best friend" is his black nurse.

The majority of the police force was connected with Ku Klux Klan through membership or friendship. Therefore, the bombing was not properly investigated, and only one man out of the four involved was indicted and went to prison. Although the church bombing strengthened the Civil Rights movement by opening people's eyes to the destructive nature of racism, footage from a series of church fires occurring in the Southern states in 1994 and the incomplete bombing investigation symbolize that the fire of racism continues to spread.

At the end of the film, Spike Lee, wearing his trademark baseball cap, and Chris McNair, the father of one of the victims, opened up a discussion with the audience. Lee said that in 1983, as a recent graduate of Columbia Film School, he wrote McNair about making a documentary. And he was happy that he did not get a reply for over a decade because he did not have the skills, at that stage in his life, to create a work of such magnitude and sensitivity.

McNair stated in an eloquent speech that we do not live in a "utopia", yet we must come together to fight racism because technology may transform society, but it does not transform our commonalities as human beings. At times, people are so absorbed in their inside worlds, they forget that they live in an outside world that needs a lot of rebuilding. Donating a little time, effort, and action to constructive causes is more productive than passive wishing or indifference.

4 Little Girls is a groundbreaking documentary because it interlocks facts and memories to illuminate that education and awareness are the only tools to defuse the bomb of racism which is always ticking and waiting to explode. Understanding creates an emancipation of the self.

Once again in the beginning of September the Toronto International Film Festival invaded Toronto like a storm causing film lovers to forget their normal life and dive into the world of movies. The Festival showcases movies from across the world and covers every genre of filmmaking. Like usual there were throngs of people dying to make it out to catch some of these once-in-a-lifetime flicks. Starting at nine in the morning to approximately midnight, film after film is shown to sold-out audiences. The interest in film, which Toronto displays during this nine-day festival, is indicative of the style of city that Toronto has become. We are a city without any distinctive cultural make-up. However, it is a city that is composed of many different and diverse cultures.

The lack of a single underlying tie to Toronto together is replaced by the inherent desire of city planners to make Toronto rank on top-ten lists. In other words, Toronto is suffering from lack of identity and a serious self-confidence problem. This manifests itself in the giant penis in downtown Toronto (the CN tower for those that cannot recognize the world's largest phallic symbol) alongside its neighborly friendly giant testicle (the Sky Dome of course; imagine another one on the other side of the tower, what a hilarious skyline). All of these strange landmarks of Toronto are attempts to distinguish and elevate the city of Toronto to international status. Now what does any of this have to do with the Film Festival? Well it was just part of my stream of consciousness as I was thinking about the grandeur of our yearly tribute to international film. Again in this category Toronto tops most lists as one of the most important film festivals of the world. This isn't an attempt to knock Toronto; it is actually a compliment to all the work and planning that go into bringing us such an amazing cultural opportunity. Exposure to this selection of film is virtually impossible outside of other festivals. Therefore, it must be taken advantage of, so if you missed out on seeing any films this year then you are A SUCKER. Don't be a sucker next year and go catch a couple crazy flicks. I'll give you a taste:

Fast, Cheap and Out of Control, directed by the quite eccentric film maker Errol Morris, is a queer documentary designed to give you insight into life. However, the life which it details are the lives of four separate individuals and the story of the careers that shape their lives. This film from the United States is shot in mostly an interview style format spliced with shots of these individuals at "work" and footage of old movies and carnivals. The reason I put work in quotation marks is because their careers are not jobs but passions that they have for a certain odd form of making a daily wage. The occupations of these four people are what make this film unique as well as giving a true feel for the eccentricity of Morris. One of the characters, George Menocina, is an elderly gentleman who has spent his life working in botanical gardens shaping shrubs to resemble animals. Another character, Dave Hoover, has spent his life entranced by the circus. As a result he has grown to be a wild animal trainer. He spends his days training snarling lions, tigers and bears to jump through flaming rings and to dance the Tango. The third character is a rather strange fellow; Ray Mendez is a scientist by trade who has spent his recent years fanatically studying a type of mammal that lives as insects do, underground in little tunnels. These hairless, blind African mole rats are the passion of this man's life and he has spent the last decade dedicated to studying these critters. The last character of the film is Rodney Brooks, a specialist in artificial intelligence who designs robots. Although each of these seem to be totally different and independent of each other, the amazing part of the movie is the similarities which course through each of these tales of different people. The theme of control and human intervention is strong throughout this film as the audience sits and watches the lives of these drastically different people and the way in which their separate lives are intertwined with the same basic themes. Besides the interesting premise and great dialogue, this movie is shot beautifully, making it a true work of art. The uniqueness of this movie comes from the realization that the people in it are real and their lives are real. This makes the movie have a very strong effect and leave a lasting impression on a person as to the career and lifestyle that is important to an individual. **Fast, Cheap and Out of Control** is a great provocative documentary which is entertaining from beginning to the very end.

Men with Guns is a Canadian made film directed by Kari Skogland which tells the story of two very pathetic men. The movie opens with a joint being smoked by the two main characters. They sit around discussing their pitiful and depressing lives. They decide not to take shit any more. The next day their no-shit attitude lands them in a field getting the snot beaten out of them and getting pissed on. This prompts them to go buy guns to get revenge. The plot thickens when upon gaining revenge they stumble upon four kilos of cocaine. The rest of this movie follows the usual gangsta-movie style with chase scenes, shoot-outs, sex, and lots of drug use. Although the plot was fairly enthralling and I was interested and entertained for the duration of the film, I felt it lacking the extra zest and appeal that I look for at the Film Festival. If I had seen this movie on another regular night at a movie theatre I probably would have enjoyed it very much. However, because it was a Festival film I was looking for something more experimental, or at least something significantly different than the usual action film. Although this movie followed the format of most action films, it was very different in many ways. The characters within the film were very identifiable and I found it quite easy to immediately identify with them. Sympathy was immediately felt for the two main characters and as the movie and their cocaine habit developed, their characters also morphed, which led the original feelings to also morph to the point of total lack of sympathy when they died at the end. Now that I have ruined the movie for you I will advise you to see this well-made, fun Canadian flick, just don't expect anything groundbreaking, but rather an hour and a half of violent fun.

Well that was the Film Festival for me. It was fun!!!



entertainment
L.A. Confidential
Rick Slater

In the genre of either film noir or detective story you will find few movies made in the past 30 years that can compare to *L.A. Confidential*. The movie, based on a novel of the same name, intertwines the story of corruption in the Los Angeles Police Department of the 1950s and the brutal murder of six people. The ensuing investigation is lead by three very different detectives. One, Bud White, a detective with a soft spot for victimized women, Ed Exley, a squeaky clean young cop with big ambitions; and the final is Jack Vincennes, who takes payoffs from a scandal magazine to perform drug busts on Hollywood stars. The investigation takes so many twists and turns it is sometimes hard to keep track of what is going on and where the movie is taking you. If your mind wanders and you stop paying attention anytime during the movie (and I couldn't imagine why you would) it will be hard to catch up with the plot.

A great, and somewhat risky, choice by the director Curtis Hanson was casting two actors relatively unknown in North America, Russell Crowe and Guy Pearce, in the starring roles of White and Exley. By choosing actors that have little reputation preceding them we get to know the characters in the movie just as you get to know characters when you read a book. This makes the movie better than if two known actors had taken these roles, because a reputation might have gotten in the way of creating these two characters.

Although the movie boasts flawless performances from its entire ensemble cast, two stood out in my mind above all the others, Kevin Spacey, as Jack Vincennes, and Russell Crowe, in a star making performance, as Bud White. Spacey, who usually plays characters either evil (*The Usual Suspects*), or psychotic (*Seven*) proves himself incapable of being type cast with this role. In this movie he has a role smaller than expected considering his top billing, yet his presence carries throughout the movie. And as always he out-acts everyone else and is a joy to watch on the screen. Russell Crowe's character might seem merely brutal and callous at times, but that is just because his character has a different sense of morality and justice than normal men. Crowe's performance shifts from merely good to great when, in certain scenes, his actions tell one story while his eyes convey the true emotions of his character.

The combination of at least five certifiably great performances, top notch directing, one of the great story lines of recent years, and even a subtle sense of humor makes *L.A. Confidential* one of the most entertaining movies I've ever seen. For these reasons, you are unlikely to see an all-around better movie this year. Expect to see this movie mentioned quite a few times when Oscar nominations are given out in February; it deserves to be decorated with many awards.

The Peacemaker

Bronwyn Enright and Jaime Malic

Starring George Clooney and Nicole Kidman
Directed by Mimi Leder
Screenplay by Michael Schiffer

The Peacemaker: just a high budget action vehicle to promote DreamWorks and George Clooney? Actually, yes. For all of you George lovers this movie will not be a disappointment. Who can deny that George Clooney in a uniform is one fine work of art? For two hours we get to enjoy George running, walking, fighting, shooting, bleeding and generally saving the world from nuclear destruction, all the while looking damn sexy. But, I suppose this is a movie review, and on a far less superficial level, *The Peacemaker* is also a carefully orchestrated film. Directed by Mimi Leder, the story involves the theft of nuclear weapons from Russia by a crazed Bosnian nationalist with a vendetta against American Peacemakers. Enter George Clooney, our hero, as Lieutenant Colonel Thomas Devoe and Nicole Kidman as Dr. Julia Kelly, a nuclear scientist and the acting head of the White House Nuclear Smuggling Group. Together this dynamic duo becomes involved in the complex manhunt that takes the viewer across Eastern Europe and to the final climatic confrontation in the streets of New York City. It's a fun movie with plenty of suspense and action, along with particularly good music by Hans Zimmer. Although it may not satisfy the purist film student, it sure made us happy.



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Wim Wenders is a Snazzy Dresser but his film *The End of Violence* is a disappointment

Alexi Manis

"Don't call us, we'll call you" took on a new tone early in September for CINSSU. When Charles Tepperman, secret agent library helper and closet schmoozer, recieved an urgent phone call from the illustrious MGM/United Artists studio representative, Maria M., he was taken aback and left gasping. Only in my enviously fuelled dreams can I attempt to re-enact the conversation...

Maria M.: "Hi, Charles—can I call you Chuck?"

I'm Maria M. from MGM Toronto!"

Charles: "Uh, hey?"

Maria M.: "You know, Chuck, since you are such an eloquent and intelligent speaker, we've decided to approach your film group with a special, special proposition."

Charles: "Hey! What's that?"

Maria M.: "We would like to bring to your projectors Wim Wender's new film, and to your auditorium, Mr. Wenders himself."

Charles: "Well...hey! That's...wow!"

Maria M.: "Chuck, it was truly fabulous talking to you."

One week later, Town Hall was filled near capacity in anticipation of the famous German director and his new feature (which didn't appear in the film festival), *The End of Violence*. Several viewers said that they were hoping for "a repeat of *Wings of Desire*, my very favourite film!" Others simply wanted a "less disjointed *Until the End of the World*". The danger with comparisons, however, became evident by the time the credits of *The End of Violence* rolled.

So loosely structured that it falls apart, Wender's film both fails to elicit emotional responses and to inspire intellectual ideas. Several plots seem to be woven into a story, but the proposed main theme of modern-day surveillance systems eradicating any notion of private life remains only an abstract concept lost in the plot lines. The speculation of violence in regard to surveillance is a theme that recurs in the cinema of the past few decades, but the angel-faced Gabriel Byrne proves far less a threat than Demme's psychological monster Buffalo Bill or the Nazi soliders-turned-secret agents in post-war German cinema.

Inside the soundtrack cover, a broken up statement attempts to summarize the film's intentions: "You're a cop/ define violence/ fear absence of love/ emotional revenge". The primitive assessment of surveillance, violence and emotion leaves much to be desired. This explains why the soundtrack is so incredible.

With musicians from DJ Shadow to Sinead O'Connor to Roy Orbison, *The End of Violence Soundtrack* is far more interesting than the film itself. The film's composer, Ry Cooder, who also scored Wenders' successful *Paris, Texas* in 1984, has his feature track, "Define Violence" opening the soundtrack. Songs of special note are the crooning duet "I'm Not Your Baby" by Bono and Sinead. Tom Waits wrote the song "Little Drop of Poison" especially for the film. Michael Stipe co-wrote "Injured Bird" with fellow Athens-ite Vic Chestnut, which wasn't released until this film.

The soundtrack is almost as exciting as the score of *Until the End of the World*. Wenders has a great track record of musical film scores, but his recent feature may be the mark of his down-hill turn as a director. I think Charles, schmooze-man, would agree that although the call from Maria M. was thrilling, the *Innis Herald* provided us much more aesthetic pleasure by giving us the CD.

I wish I could tell you how sophisticated, how lovely Mr. Wenders himself is, but he left a crowd of us waiting to speak to him. Perhaps he didn't want to hear the questions we had. He did, however, have a sharp European jacket and a short buzz cut, for any true fans who still admire him.



The A-Team in the 90's?

Vinay Bhalla

One night this summer I got home from work pretty late. 'Twas about 2 or 3 o'clock and I flipped through the channels on the tube as I grabbed a quick something to eat. I came across the *A-Team* and I quickly became enthralled by the images as they conjured up great memories. I thought, "Shit, Man! What a good show!" I then realized that we used to have many great action-driven shows in the 80's such as *Miami Vice* and *Magnum PI*. Today we are forced to watch more professional, corporate affair dramas such as *ER*, *Traders* and *Melrose Place*. It's rather unfortunate that we no longer have these old shows, but I then began to ponder...could the *A-Team* exist in the 90's? To my grievous dismay, I came to a negative conclusion: the *A-Team* could not exist in the 90's.

One of the show's most renowned elements was the ongoing rivalry between Murdoch and B.A. Baracus. Here you have a rivalry between a big, tough brotha' who shouts, "Damn Fooool!" at an artsy white guy who's on a permanent acid trip. Today this perpetual bickering between an African American and a Caucasian would not be tolerated since it may be deemed to be racism.

The leader of the squad was the charismatic, yet slightly cocky Hannibal. As great of a leader as he was, his constant cigar smoking would probably strike a nerve with the Government's anti-smoking campaign. Hannibal used to suck on those stogies for pretty much the entire duration of the show, but today he would have to scrap the Cubans.

The fourth regular member was the charming and handsome Face. His character might be perceived to be too gentle and graceful for today, as he would probably rank high on the "cheese" scale, along with Remington Steele.

Of course we can't forget gender equality. If the *A-Team* were to exist today, it would have to be comprised of 2 male and 2 female members.

B.A. Baracus is remembered as one of the roughest, toughest heroes of his time. His valiant bravery and brute strength made him an icon, but if one recalls, there was only one fear that B.A. held...the fear of flying. Throughout the *A-Team's* gallant endeavors they frequently required the use of air travel. Thus, in order to get B.A. to fly, the rest of the team would secretly sedate him. Now there's a great message to send to our children: when one of your friends doesn't want to do what the other three of you want to do, inject them with drugs! (And notice it was the three white guys doing it to the one black guy, to stress the racism point a little more!)

My final point goes back to the foundation of the *A-Team*. The members of the *A-Team* were, "a crack commando unit that was sent to prison by a military court for a crime they didn't commit, these men promptly escaped from a maximum security stockade to the Los Angeles underground, today, still wanted by the government, they survive as soldiers of fortune." Essentially they are fugitive vigilantes who help those in need of help, thus they are looked upon as heroes. This does not make the government look particularly good. Maybe back in the day the government didn't realize that by letting this show air, they were sort of getting the shaft in the image department.

In conclusion it becomes painstakingly clear that the *A-Team* could not exist in the 90's. All that remains are the late night reruns for those nocturnal beings, and of course all the great memories.

(Next in the line of articles. Could *All in the Family* exist in the 90's?)

1001 Recipes for Mr. Noodles....well maybe not quite so many.

Antonia Yee

Although this article may seem ludicrous at the present, there will come a time when you will be glad that you saved this. Sure, the future looks good right now; we've all worked hard this summer to save money, our pockets are lined with thousands of OSAP dollars, and those of you who are frosh still have your life savings. As the school year progresses, and February passes by, many of us discover to our horror that our savings have ceased to exist. And as our funds begin to dwindle, the budget allotted to food often decreases, while we continue to pay exorbitant covers at clubs, and our bar bills suspiciously seem to increase rather than decrease. And yet, regardless of how desperate the situation may seem, the one meal everyone can always afford is Mr. Noodles. Mr. Noodles and its brother brands range in price from 25-40 cents a package.

For the record, Mr. Noodles is an excellent source of carbohydrates, making it a perfect study-break snack in the wee hours of the morning. Unfortunately, one serving of Mr. Noodles also contains 16 grams of fat (something which they don't tell you on the package!). Clearly, this is no meal for dieters. But if it is going to be your only meal of the day (as it has been mine in tough times), then I wouldn't worry too much.

Now, just because you're broke doesn't mean that your meagre repast has to be bland or repetitive. Let us begin with the noodle itself. No two brands of these noodles taste the same. Just try eating the cheap imitation Kraft Dinners and you'll see what I mean. I recommend the no-name brand noodles found at Loblaw's for 30 cents each. These are available in four flavours: pork, beef, vegetable (my favourite), and shrimp (a little too salty for my taste). The no-name brand noodles are generally thinner and less starchy than their competitors'. A close runner-up is the Kibibon brand, although it is more expensive.

The key to a hearty, healthy and tasty Mr. Noodles meal is the addition of ingredients. The following are a few easy and extremely inexpensive recipe suggestions. Although some of the suggestions may seem odd, try them all the same—they do taste fabulous, I promise. After all, many people believe that adding peas, tuna and Italian salad dressing to Kraft Dinner is disgusting, but it tastes delicious!

1. For a more balanced meal, cook the noodles according to the directions on the package, then drain the liquid and add fresh or frozen vegetables. Broccoli, onion (green or red) and red peppers blend especially well with Mr. Noodles. Remember, Mr. Noodles can be a meal in itself, or a side dish. Mr. Noodles always goes well with a salad.

2. Cook the noodles according to the directions on the package. Do not drain the liquid. While the soup is boiling, chop a clove of garlic into fine pieces and dump this into your bowl. Add Mr. Noodles to the bowl, let it sit for a minute in order to extract the garlic flavour and garnish with chopped green onion and a sprig of parsley (your breath is gonna stink!).

3. Follow the above instructions. However, either drain the liquid before adding to the garlic, or add it and then eat the broth before the noodles. Add President's Choice Memories of Kyoto Ginger Sauce and Glaze (only \$1.99 for a bottle, which will last for a long time!). Mix and enjoy!

4. Cook the noodles according to the directions on the package. Eat or drain the broth and add your choice of President's Choice Memories of Jaipur Curry and Passion Fruit Sauce, President's Choice Memories of Canton Hot Plum Sauce, or Memories of Singapore Passionfruit Sauce and Glaze. All of these sauces are under three dollars for the bottle and can be used in a variety of recipes.

5. Cook noodles according to directions on the package. Add Soya Sauce and Red Hot tabasco sauce to taste. For an exotic flavour, eat or drain the broth and add a small amount of President's Choice Memories of Hong Kong Spicy Black Bean and Garlic Sauce. A little of this stuff goes a long way! Add more Red Hot tabasco sauce if desired.

6. Invent your own great recipe! Don't hesitate to try combinations of the above ingredients and others. Experiment! If your meal ends up tasting nasty, you don't need to fret. You've only thrown away the price of a small coffee, so try again!

NBA Playoffs? Not likely, Toronto

Bart Egnal

Ok, admit it. You're sick of the Jays losing. Like the majority of the population, you have little interest in that fatally flawed experiment called the CFL. And you groan inwardly anytime the words "Maple Leaf" are uttered. So, if you are a sports fan in Toronto, you may direct your hopes for a successful sports franchise towards the fledgling Toronto Raptors. We've all heard Isiah Thomas preach about how the Dinosaurs are headed to the playoffs. My suggestion—don't bet on it.

Why am I so grim? Well, there are three main reasons why the Raptors have little or no chance of making the playoffs. What follows is my list of things to fix before Toronto and Stoudamire will reach the promised land which Isiah has conquered twice—the NBA playoffs.

Location is everything. Before getting optimistic about the possibilities for next season, look closely at the competition the Raptors face in the Eastern conference. There are 15 teams, and all but three of those teams finished with better records than Toronto. To catch even the eighth playoff spot the Raptors would have to vastly improve their record. Cleveland, for example, finished their season with a 42-40 record yet were still squeezed out of the playoffs. This high standard makes for some fierce competition with teams like Chicago, Miami, New York, Atlanta, Detroit and Charlotte being regular visitors to the Skydome. There is a really serious gap between even second tier teams like Indiana (whom the Raptors have never beaten) and the Milwaukee Bucks (33-49, 3-1 vs. Raptors). Most disappointing was that the Raptors were swept 15-67 by Boston. Toronto has a long, long mountain to climb with giants waiting to push them down.

Plug the gaping hole in the middle.

Night in and night out the Raptors are hurt badly by their lack of an inside presence. The team has no true center. Sharon Wright is plagued by chronic back problems and was injured in a car accident this summer. Oliver "will play Tuesday for burger today" Miller has his best days behind him and Zan Tabak is perpetually injured. Clifford Rozier has hands of stone and doesn't understand the concept of moving quickly. He does work hard and is a halfway decent defender but a Patrick Ewing or Alonzo Mourning can exploit him any day. Until the Raps get some decent help in the middle, they will have no real ability to play half court defense.

Build the bench.

One problem with the Raptors is that their starters are called upon to play endless minutes. Stoudamire played 40.9 minutes per game (4th in the NBA), Doug Christie played 38.6 minutes, Walt Williams 36.3 (which would have been higher if he didn't lead the league in Dqs) and Camby played 30.1 minutes. As a result the Raps lost a lot of close games when the starters died out, and were 7-10 in games decided by 3 points or less, and 11-23 in games decided by 10 points or less. Right now the only decent backups come at the power forward spot—Carlos Rogers has improved substantially and Popeye Jones is a hard worker. The backcourt is very weak. Hubert Davis was a total flop. The backup point guard (Doug Christie) is the starting 2-guard. The only true guard off the bench is Shawn Respert, who has neither the skills to play the point nor the size to play the big guard spot. The backup small forward, Tracy McGrady, has never played a college basketball game, and, while talented, will be hard-pressed to succeed. Kobe Bryant had real problems in LA, and Jermaine O'Neal was a bust in Portland. There has been little indication (besides the superb success of Kevin Garnett) that high schoolers are ready for the NBA. Finally, before addressing the backup center, Thomas should find a starter.

Things aren't all grim. The Raptors have a solid nucleus of young talent which is hungry to win. Their coach is a good motivator and the GM is one of the best in the league. With all that in mind I'd be very pleased if the Raptors won 35-40 games this year, and surpassed the Bucks to move out of the basement. The playoffs, however, are a carrot being dangled in the noses of the public to encourage them to shell out. It's in the distance, but a couple of years off. Until then...the Argos are doing well this year...

iiBailar Con Jugo!!

The Innis Non-Beer Connoisseur's Column

Austin and Sav

Welcome to the first installment of iiBailar Con Jugo!! where juice and attitude come together in a marriage of bliss and ecstasy. Each month we will try our hardest to get the low- down, the inside scoop on Toronto's hardcore juice movement. Though this column is mainly intended for those left out of the IBCS, all are welcome to come and rejoice in the quest for the penultimate juice experience. This month we ventured just down Bloor West, a hot-bed of health and natural goodness, to the highly touted Juice For Life. Located at 521 Bloor W., JFL is but a hop, skip, and a jump away from our illustrious campus, perfect for the thirsty scholars among us.

Upon arrival, we were impressed by the dim, quaint, and artsy atmosphere of the place. The warm, friendly service quickly exposed our ignorance of the overwhelming selection of exotic juice combinations. Quite frankly, we were taken aback by the varieties of fruit, vegetable, herbal, and hot selections; health was definitely the prevailing motif, however.

Sav, in his impulsive nature, instantly fell for the Liquid Desire, a pricey number, chalking in at \$5.95 for 16 oz. This particular drink was an interesting combination of mango, blueberry, orange, and the clincher... wheatgrass. The thick, frothy appearance was deceptive, hiding the crisp, smooth nature of the beverage. The wheatgrass especially stood out among the flavours, imparting a slightly tea-like undertone. One setback was the presence of grit, hindering the refreshment factor of the drink.

Austin had settled on the Blue Lagoon, a slightly more economical choice at \$3.95 for a small. Imparting a bouquet of blueberry, mango, and banana, this libation had a very finger-caught-in-the-blender appearance. Throwing all fears and apprehensions aside, we dove in and were welcomed with a massive attack of banana. Thickness was the prevailing characteristic... thick... and banana. Adding to the entire experience was Austin's banana allergy, resulting in oesophagal constriction and a scratchy irritation in the mouth and gums not unlike that of chewing raw wool. By the way, the Blue Lagoon's weight can remain in the stomach region for upwards of an hour. It's just that thick!

As this month's guest connoisseur, our roomie John sat down to a Citrus Cooler. With a more conventional juice-like appearance, this baby had refreshment written all over it. Consisting of blended grapefruit, orange, and lemon, the name of it's game was poignancy. Upon first sampling, the sweetness of the fruit prevailed, masking the final punch of the stealthy and illusive tang. POW!

To sum up the adventure into the nectar Savannah, we liked the warm service, substantial selection (including full menu and snacks), and the commitment to the greater health interest. Unfortunately, expect a minimum of five minute wait per juice, the uneven balance of fruit flavours in the beverages, hefty drain on one's precious ducats.

Ratings (out of 10):

Liquid Desire - 8

Blue Lagoon - 6

Citrus Cooler - 7

Juice For Life (overall) - 7.5

We would like to thank John and the Innis Herald. Stay tuned, in November we shall return with another installment of our bombastic and superluous accounts of this fair city's "juicing holes." Adios!

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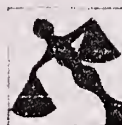
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the back page

Horoscopes

Rain and Shine; graphics by Justine Jackson



LIBRA (SEPT 23-OCT 22)

Get your butt in gear - you are a sympathetic confidante, but what about YOUR life? Think long-term with your career in mind. Clearly this is a lot to think about; exercise can help to relieve stress.



SCORPIO (OCT 23-NOV 21)

Is it really worth being jealous about? Don't let your stubbornness cloud your judgment. Rethink your financial situation this month - it can only get better.



SAGITTARIUS (NOV 22-DEC 20)

Your positive outlook on life could be blinding - be more realistic. Challenge your intellect this October to avoid spreading your interests too thin. Try to be a better partner in your relationship. Your tendency to avoid confrontation could be harmful.



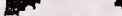
CAPRICORN (DEC 21-JAN 19)

Sensible Capricorn should lay the foundations for the upcoming year this month. You are prone to stress at this time, so treat yourself to a long drink and a good massage. Don't be afraid of your emotions, but exercise caution where romance is concerned. You are in no position to make new commitments during this time.



AQUARIUS (JAN 20-FEB 18)

Don't over-organize your life; order is important, but leave time to have fun and revive your spirit. This month may seem overwhelming. Ensure that you do not boil over!!! Take things one step at a time to keep your life manageable and satisfying. Be open to romantic possibilities that come your way.



PISCES (FEB 19-MAR 19)

Dreamy Pisces have their heads in the sand this month. Welcome back to earth - wakey wakey!!! Use your creativity to its best advantage by engaging in your favourite artistic form of expression. Think twice before acting rationally in any relationship.



ARIES (MAR 20-APR 19)

You are really starting to get your life together. Your originality and straightforward approach to life complement each other. Use your abilities to express your emotions positively - it will do you wonders. Take caution, however, to keep the future in mind and in your control.



TAURUS (APR 20-MAY 20)

Take extra time this month to re-evaluate your feelings, and to consider those of others. You are torn between security and freedom; take into consideration the inevitable compromises this must lead to. October 16th's full moon will have a profound effect on your love life, as long as your stubbornness does not conflict.



GEMINI (MAY 21-JUNE 20)

This month the twins are in conflict, putting your good and evil sides at odds. In October, your playfulness is your best asset - do everything your mother told you not to. Take your decisions in stride - everything happens for a reason.



CANCER (JUNE 21-JULY 22)

It's high time that you think your life out very carefully. Decisions you have made in the past few months will affect you for the next few years! Do not lead yourself to a place of no return. More people than you can imagine love and care about you - let them. Your potential to excel is waiting to surface.



LEO (JULY 23-AUG 22)

Take initiative this month and put your leadership skills to good use. Your strong character and passionate beliefs can be somewhat overbearing - remember to consider other voices of reason (they do exist!!!). Treat yourself by using your passion to better your spirit.



VIRGO (AUG 23-SEPT 22)

Take in the inherent beauty of your surroundings - you have a tendency to dwell on small details, and you need to focus on the bigger picture. Your perfectionism and attraction to glamour lead you to an exhilarating circumstance: enjoy it.

Warning! Unknown Territory

(Read the paper before you proceed)

Amira Mohamed Aliy

Welcome to the wonderful world of fun and games! The rules are simple:

1. Read this issue
2. Answer the questions
3. Drop off your correctly completed crossword with your name and phone number attached before 2pm on October 16th and enter a draw to win a crappy prize! Winners will be notified by phone by October 20th and published in the next issue. Herald Section editors and the creator of this crossword are ineligible to enter the draw.

Yay! What a wonderful way to begin the school year, eh? Well you may now take the challenge if you dare and "may the force be with you!"

Across

1. A recent scary movie which will be screened at Town Hall

2. According to Alexi, Mr. Wenders was wearing a _____ jacket
3. This band has broken Michael Jackson's record for the fastest-selling album in the UK
4. The initials of what goes on at Innis on Friday Nights (hint: it's not fuck, fuck, fuck)
5. Half the name of the band whose tribute album is reviewed this month.
6. Should Capricorns make any new commitments this month?
7. The company who blessed us with the coolest Monopoly game
8. Brink's newest beer
9. The name of the drug that Brett overdosed on during Frush Week
10. According to Kathi, you must be _____ to seduce your Irish leader

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HMMM...?

Andrea Venneri

With a slight interest in converting people to my Northern Ontario freakness, I attended my first Innis Herald meeting. Lucky for us all, I was encouraged to "go cheezy". So, here I am, pen in hand (not really, seeing as I'm typing this...), ready to share some of the thoughts that throw me into confusion. The following summation is the first of hopefully many installments of things that make me go hmmm...
WARNING: if you do not have an idiotic sense of humor, this will not make you go hmmm... so don't subject yourself to it

1. If you're having lunch with God, and he sneezes, what do you say?
2. Does an African Dik-Dik antelope have two penises?
3. Who stuffs the pimento in the olive? Are there actually some factory workers somewhere in the world who were trained to do this? (could be fun...)
4. Have you seen this "Cat Chow" commercial with the multi-colored cats doing that warped version of the macarena? Maybe it's just me, but if I had a cat, you couldn't pay me to feed it that stuff...how do I know my kitty wouldn't turn blue and start grating around? Not too compelling of an ad...who, for the love of Pete, came up with that?
5. Why do we drive in parkways and park in driveways?
6. Why are so many men fascinated by watching two women together? The way I see it, if the two women are together, it's because they don't want men, right? Then why are they so intrigued by this blatant sign of rejection?
7. Does Barq's really have bite? Johnny?
8. Is the plural of Jesus "Jesi"? (And please don't say there's only one Jesus because there are many of them in Latin America) I'm just wondering if the same grammatical structure of, for example "The Flying Elm", applies to this too...
9. Speaking of Jesus, I think naming your child this is basically guaranteeing him a wonderful life. Think about it, how could a judge throw Jesus in jail for life? Does the same logic apply when you name your daughter Candy, Barbie or Cookie? What kind of path are you leading them to?
10. Hmmm...am I the only one out there who ponders this stuff...?

GEAR UP!

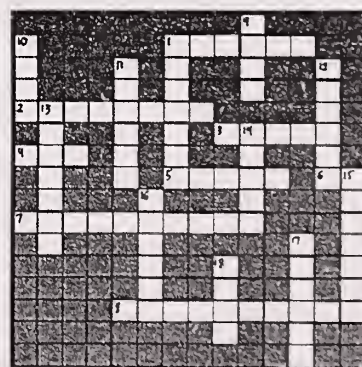
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11. "The Media _____ List" found in the Varsity Student Handbook that pissed off other campus papers.
12. Name of one of the two Residence Halls at New College
13. Volunteers are needed for this campus-wide event on Sat. October 4.
14. Middle name of Innis College's founder
15. According to Roger Greenwald, director of the Innis Writing Lab, some people who plan essays in their heads don't even write an _____
16. Colour of the team that won playday at the Hart House Farm.
17. At The Juice Bar "Liquid _____" is a drink comprised of mango, blueberry, orange and wheatgrass
18. An acronym of the best movie in the Star Wars Trilogy, according to Star Wars freaks Cass and Joel

